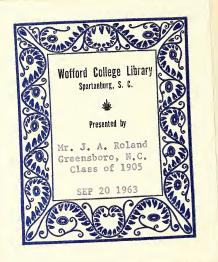
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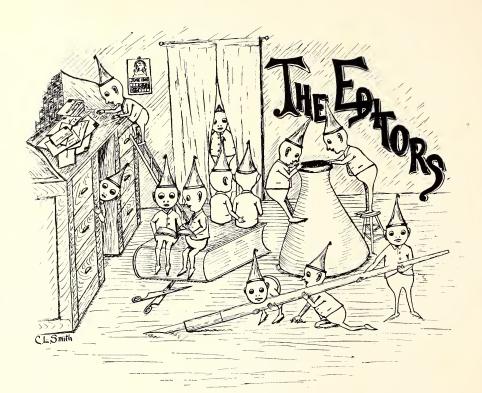
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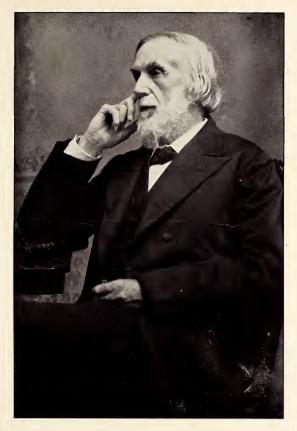


# **DEDICATION**

то

JAMES H. CARLISLE, LL. D.

Whose noble life, beautiful character, loving heart, massive intellect and sublimely simple nature have been beacon lights guiding us to higher and purer and nobler and truer aspirations we dedicate this volume.



JAS. H. CARLISLE, LL. D.

#### DR. JAMES H. CARLISLE.

JAMES H. CARLISLE was born in Fairfield County, S. C. He received his elemental training in Winnsboro and Camden, and in 1842 entered South Carolina College. Half of the college year was gone, and the young Sophomore was ill prepared to take up his work at that time, but he proved himself equal to the task that was before him, and soon made a reputation for thorough and efficient work. In 1844 he graduated with second honor in his class. This entitled him to deliver the Valedictory. He chose for his subject the poet Shelley, and delivered a masterful speech. The students of Carolina, especially members of the Euphradian Literary Society, of which Dr. Carlisle was a member, refer to the oration with pride, even to the present day.

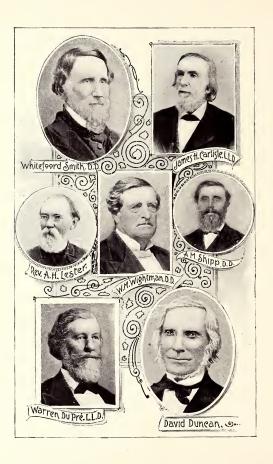
Dr. Carlisle was a born teacher, and soon after his graduation began his career as Principal of the Odd Fellows' Institute in Columbia. Here he remained for four years, at the end of which time he accepted a position at the Columbia Male Academy, and taught there for five years. At the close of this period the Methodists of South Carolina, through the gift of Rev. Benj. Wofford, had established Wofford College, and Dr. Carlisle was called to take the Chair of Mathematics. To the infant institution he came and began pouring in the wealth of his intellectual and moral powers, a process which has been increasing throughout the years. To mention Wofford, is to suggest Dr. Carlisle. Many noble lives have contributed to the success of the Institution, but none for so long a time, or in such marked degree, as that of its President Emeritus.

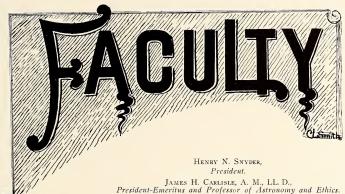
Dr. Carlisle was elected President in 1875—a position which he held until his resignation, tendered the third time was accepted in June, 1901. Although feeling that his health would not permit him to continue the active duties of President, Dr. Carlisle continues to teach Bible, Ethics and Astronomy, and so the students of Wofford are still permitted to sit at his feet and drink in the richness of his mind and heart.

Honors of both Church and State have been thrust upon Dr. Carlisle, but he has persistently turned away from those that would in any way divert his attention from the College to which he had consecrated his life. Worldly emoluments have no charm for him, but rather he chooses to give himself to the youths placed under his care, and to follow the path that seemed to offer the greatest opportunities,—that of moulding the

thought and character of Carolina's young men. It is this humble devotion to duty that has made his life such a bulwark of strength and power.

Dr. Carlisle has been a member of every General Conference of the M. E. Church, South since its separation from the Northern Church, except the last. He has contributed much to literature, especially the literature of Southern Methodism. It is hard for one who has been permitted to sit in Dr. Carlisle's class room for four years to restrain his pen when writing a sketch of this kind. But knowing Dr. Carlisle's modesty, we will close with these words taken from a similar publication issued by the students of his Alma Mater. Speaking of Dr. Carlisle's work, the Garnet and Black says: "But one hesitates even to try to estimate these achievements, for two reasons: One is, Dr. Carlisle utterly abhors anything like the sounding trump of eulogy; and the other is, that after one has done one's best, there stands the beauty of Dr. Carlisle's character, and the power of his influence, to shame the inadequacy of words. The South Carolina College has wrought greatly in the history of this State; her sons have shaped history according to her teachings. But none has caught more clearly or held to more firmly the "deeper teachings of her mystic tone," that manhood, grounded in a vigorous, sure morality, and striving for the best ideals of pure living and high thinking, is the thing that counts for most in the making of men and of States. Such a conception of the mission of a college has given unity to Dr. Carlisle's work as a teacher, and such conceptions of life he has made singularly beautiful and attractive by his own daily living. Thus what he is, is the most efficient element in his power."





J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Professor of Latin. HENRY N. SNYDER, M. A., LITT D., Professor of English Language and Literature. ARTHUR G. REMDERT, A. M., Professor of Greek.

A. B. Cooke, B. A., Ph.D., Professor of German and French.

D. D. WALLACE, A. M., Ph. D., Professor of History and Economics.

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C. S. WILLIAMSON. D. A. DUPRE.

### DR. HENRY NELSON SNYDER.

ENRY NELSON SNYDER was born in Macon, Ga., January 14th, 1865, of pioneer Virginia and Middle Tennessee ancestry. He prepared for college in the public schools of Nashville, Tenn., and entered Vanderbilt in 1883. In 1887 he graduated with the Degree of A. B., and in 1894 with that of A. M. While at Vanderbilt, Dr. Snyder received many honors. The more important of these were Editor of the University Magazine, winner of the State Oratorical Medal, and class representative at commencement. Dr. Snyder began his life work as instructor in Latin at Vanderbilt University, where he remained from 1887 to 1890. He occupied the Chair of English Language and Literature in Wofford College, from 1890 to 1902, when he was elected President of this Institution. In 1903 South Carolina College conferred the Degree of Litt. D. upon him, and during the same year he was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. He is a member of the Modern Language Association of America, of the General Educational Board of the Southern Methodist Church, of the Religious Educative Association, and of the Joint Hymnal Commission of the Southern and Northern Methodist Churches.

Although pressed with much work, Dr. Snyder finds time to make frequent contributions to magazines and periodicals on literary and educational topics. He was Professor of English Literature in the South Carolina Summer Normal School, in 1898 and 1902, Lecturer on English Literature in the Summer School of the South, Knoxville, Tenn., 1903, a position which he will hold again in 1904, and also at the Summer Session of the University of North Carolina. Besides his marked success as a writer and teacher, Dr. Snyder enjoys a deserved reputation as a lecturer. The beauty of style and diction with which he clothes his thoughts, makes him universally popular on the lecture platform. The students and friends of Wofford feel that the interests of the Institution are safe in his hands, and that the College will continue the glorious career that has characterized its past history.

The loyalty of Wofford's professors to the Institution is most inspiring to the students. Flattering offers have been made to many of them to go elsewhere, but their devotion to the College will not permit them to accept. Dr. Snyder, especially, has been the recipient of offers of this kind, but no university position has been able to tempt him away from Wofford.

#### PROF D. A. DuPRE.

A. DuPRE was born at East Point, Va. He graduated at Wofford in 1869. His career as a teacher began at Georgetown, where he remained for two years. Then followed one year at Ashville Male Academy, and three years at the Wofford Preparatory School. The year 1875 was spent at the University of Edinburgh, where he took courses in Geology, Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics. Professor DuPre left the University of Edinburgh to succeed his father. Professor Warren DuPre, as Professor of Science at Wofford. In 1880 he was made full professor, and has held that position ever since. He has also held the position of Lecturer on Geology at Converse College since the founding of that institution. He is also a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor DuPre's long career as a teacher of Science speaks for itself, and perhaps no teacher possesses more fully the confidence of his pupils.

# PROF. ARTHUR G. REMBERT,

ARTHUR G. REMBERT was born in Charleston, S. C., May 30, 1860. He was reared in Sumter County, but was sent back to Charleston to receive his preparatory training in Dr. Porter's School. Here he was thoroughly prepared for college work, and after a highly successful course graduated at Wofford in 1884. Not satisfied with this preparation for his chosen profession, he continued his studies at the University of Chicago, and there his work was characterized by the same thoroughness as had marked his early training. Indeed, thoroughness is his motto, both for his own work and that of his students.

He began his work as a teacher in Laurenburg, N. C., where he remained for two years, 1884-5. In 1886-7 he taught in Marion County, S. C. In 1887 he was called to Spartanburg to take the position of Head Master of Wofford College Fitting School, which position he held for ten years. In the mean time (1894) he was elected Professor of Greek in Wofford College, the position which he holds to-day. The reputation which Professor Rembert has made as a teacher, is shown by the many calls he has to teach in the State Summer Schools and Normal Training Classes, to say nothing of frequent calls to lecture on educational subjects. He also holds the position of Secretary of the Association of Colleges of South Carolina, and is Secretary of the State Athletic Association.

#### DR. ARTHUR B. COOKE.

RTHUR B. COOKE was born at Meltons, Virginia, in 1869. He spent his childhood and youth in that State, attending the old field school near his father's home, as opportunity offered, which was some five or six months a year. He afterwards received three years instruction in the graded school of a neighboring town, walking the distance, four miles, every morning and afternoon. After another year in an Academy, he entered upon the work of a teacher, at the age of eighteen. The next five years were spent in this work in his native State, and in Tennessee, the young teacher giving all his spare time meanwhile to preparation for the University of Virginia. In 1892 he entered this institution, and after taking a four years course in three years, graduated in 1895. Immediately upon his graduation, he was elected to the Chair of German and French in Wofford College, where he has since served. The year 1899-1900 he spent in Europe. In 1901 he received the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy from his Alma Mater. Professor Cooke is the author of "Nature Sense in the German Lyric," and "Life and Work," and is a contributor to several literary magazines. Few men of his age have made a higher reputation for deep thought and scholarly expression.

# PROF. JOHN GEORGE CLINKSCALES.

PROFESSOR JOHN GEORGE CLINKSCALES was born in Abbeville County, S. C. He was prepared for college at Williamston, and entered Wofford in October, 1872. Graduating in June, 1876, he taught for three years in the schools of Spartanburg County. During the year 1881, he taught in The Williamston Female College. His eyes failing, he was forced to give up teaching, and was elected to the office of Superintendent of Education for Anderson County. This position he held for four years, resigning it to accept the Chair of Mathematics in the Columbia Female College. He was elected Associate Professor of Mathematics at Clemson College, when that Institution was started in 1893. Three years later he was made Full Professor of Mathematics, and in 1899 gave up that position to accept a call to the Chair of Mathematics in Wofford College. Professor Clinkscales is not only immensely popular with his pupils, but is widely known and loved throughout the State, having spoken in almost every hamlet within its borders.



L. Q. CRUM. T. C EASTERLING.

J. A. GAMEWELL. MRS. HOLLER (LIBRARIAN.)

ELL. A. M. De Pre.
H. T. SHOCKLEY. D. D. WALLACE.

# PROF. C. S. WILLIAMSON.

S. WILLIAMSON was born at Culleoka, Tenn. He prepared for the university at Culleoka Academy and entered Vanderbilt in 1898, where he took the Degree of B. S. in 1902, and M. S. in 1903. While in Vanderbilt he served as assistant in the chemical laboratory for two years, and as assistant in the Geological laboratory for one year. He came to Wofford in 1903, to fill the Chair of Chemistry and Biology in the absence of Professor Waller, who is taking special work at Johns Hopkins. Professor Williamson has proved himself capable of getting hard work out of his pupils, and doubtless has a bright future before him as a teacher.

## PROF. J. A. GAMEWELL.

A. GAMEWELL was born at Rutherfordton, N. C. He was prepared for college in the Wofford Preparatory School, and graduated from Wofford College in 1871. He began his life work as a teacher in the Boys' High School at Mt. Sterling, Ky., where he remained for four years. In 1875 he was elected to the Chair of Latin Language and Literature in Wofford, and has occupied that position since that time.

Professor Gamewell has been President of the Wofford College Lyceum since its beginning, and it is in this capacity, perhaps, that his work is most appreciated by Wofford students, as well as by those of Converse, and the people of Spartanburg in general. His administration is something unique in the way of lyceum management. It has attracted attention far and wide on account of the character of the men brought to Spartanburg. Professor Gamewell does not rely on the regular lyceum bureaus for lectures, but whenever a man of prominence can be found, neither pains nor money is spared to bring him to Spartanburg. By working this independently, Professor Gamewell gets select men such as no one lyceum could control. Not only is Wofford indebted to Professor Gamewell for his untiring labors, but equally so are Furman, Clemson and others whom he has taken into his lyceum circle.

In this age, when the Young Men's Christian Association is taking such deep hold upon the religious life of the Nation, it is an interesting fact to note that Professor Gamewell was President of the first Association organized in Spartanburg. He is still, as are all of Wofford's Professors, enthusiastic in the support

of the Association movement.

#### DR. D. D. WALLACE.

D. WALLACE was born in Columbia, S. C., May 23, 1874. He was prepared for college at Newberry Male Academy, and the preparatory department of Newberry College. He took the fresh year at Newberry College, and went to Wofford in the fall of 1891, entering the Sophomore Class. He graduated at Wofford in 1894, leaving a fine record behind him as a thorough student. While at Wofford College honors were showered upon him, one of the most important of which was that of representing Wofford in an inter-collegiate debate with Furman, in which Wofford won. Another was that of Editor-in-Chief of the Wofford College Journal. Under his control the Journal work was systematized, and the publication placed upon a better basis.

He went to Vanderbilt in 1894, and pursued courses in History, English and Economics. After remaining at Vanderbilt for two years, he decided to enter active life and accepted a position in the Carlisle Fitting School, at Bamberg, S. C. Having taught here for two years he returned to Vanderbilt, and after a year of stupendous work, took his Ph. D. Degree in the summer of 1899. His thesis was on the Constitutional History of South Carolina from 1725 to 1775, a subject of great interest to him, and one which he

expects to develop at greater length in the future.

Dr. Wallace became Adjunct Professor of History and Economics in Wofford College in 1899, and was made Full Professor in 1902. He has written a number of magazine and special newspaper articles on subjects generally connected with Southern history and economic and sociological condition. As a writer he is strong and clear, and has attracted much attention. He has a bright future before him in the field of History.

## PROF. HUGH T. SHOCKLEY.

UGH T. SHOCKLEY was born and reared in Spartanburg. S. C. He was educated at Wofford College where he graduated in 1900 with the Degree of A. B. One year later he received the Degree of A. M. He studied Gymnastics in special summer course at Southern Chatauqua. Professor Shockley has been instructor in Gymnastics at Wofford since 1900. From 1900 to 1903 he held the additional position of Assistant Head Master of Wofford Fitting School, and during the past year has assisted in the English department of Wofford College. Professor Shockley originated the system and founded the School of Psycho-Pneumonic Gymnastics. Professor Shockley possesses those qualities which demand success and beginning of his career is the prophecy of a bright future.

#### PROF. A. MASON DuPRE.

MASON DuPRE was born at Abbeville, S. C., November 22, 1869. He received his preparatory education at the Abbeville Graded School, and entered Wofford 1891, graduating in 1895. Professor DuPre made a fine record in college, and immediately upon graduation was elected Assistant Head Master of Wofford Fitting School. Two years later he was made Head Master, a position which he is filling with marked success. Under his administration the School has had a marvellous growth, and now stands second to no preparatory school in the South.

### PROF. T. C. EASTERLING.

C. EASTERLING was born near Bennettsville, in Marlborough County, S. C. His early training was received in the Marlborough High School. After spending two years at Wofford, he began teaching first as principal of the Marlborough High School. Later he held the same position at Awfordsville, and still later at Roland High School. The Roland school building was owned and equipped by Professor Easterling himself. In 1901 he returned to Wofford, and in 1902 took a full diploma. Upon graduation he accepted a position in Wofford Fitting School, where his efforts as a teacher are characterized by marked success.

# PROF. L. Q. CRUM.

Q. CRUM was born at Roseville, Orangeburg Co., S. C. He was prepared for college at Roseville Graded School. Entered Wofford February, 1900, and graduated 1903. Perhaps no higher record as a student was ever made at Wofford than that left by Professor Crum, he having made distinction on every study throughout his entire college course. Upon graduation he was the recipient of many offers of positions to teach, but decided to remain with his Alma Mater, and so came back to Wofford as instructor in the Fitting School. His work as a teacher is characterized by the same thoroughness which marked his career as a student.



MAIN BUILDING.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF WOFFORD COLLEGE.

\*By D. D. WALLACE

THE foundation of Wofford College illustrates how a plain, apparently commonplace life may foster a great aspiration and move towards a great ideal. Benjamin Wofford was a successful accumulator of money, but he was more; he was a wise and consecrated user of money.

Mr. Wofford's will was kept secret from all except one or two intimate friends, of whom his closest confidant was Rev. H. A. C. Walker, to whom credit is due for fostering the liberal ideas entertained by our founder. It is on his authority that the statement can be made that Mr. Wofford entertained the intention of founding a college before the Baptists had founded Furman and did not receive his suggestion from there, as has been surmised. Not until after Mr. Wofford's death, December 5, 1850, did his act become known even to his wife, to whom he also left an ample estate, not by any means equal to the college bequest, however.

A legacy of \$100,000 was left to the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South "for the purpose of establishing and endowing a college for literary, classical and scientific education." The location was required to be in Spartanburg district, as the counties were then called, but no particular locality was named. The town of Woodruff made an effort to induce the trustees to establish the college in their community; but the liberality of the citizens of Spartanburg village, the advantages of central location, etc., led to the selection of the county seat. Public spirited citizens offered to pay for whatever land the trustees should select. Underestimating the needs of the institution and disregarding symmetry, they marked off a long, narrow strip of thirty-six acres running east from Church street to the present eastern extremity of the campus. The land was bought from the grandfather of Mr. John B. Cleveland, the donor of the John B. Cleveland Science Hall, at fifty dollars an acre. It formed a bow, bulging away from town and following the line of the professors' houses and the college building. The south line started at the corner of College Place and Church street and ran east to about the middle of the road in front of Prof. DuPre's house. It then pursued a straight line about one hundred feet in front of the college to a point between the residences of Dr. Carlisle and Prof. Gamewell, and from thence ran before the three story house now occupied by Prof. Rembert to a point just beyond the railroad (which did not then exist). It ran down the railroad to about the road back of Prof. Rembert's and from there back to Church street at its juncture with Cleveland street, passing so close to the rear buildings that a nimble jumper might have leaped from the road to Dr. Carlisle's well. By subsequent purchases the campus has been increased to about twice its original size.

The author is under great obligations to Dr. James H. Carlisle for information. Prof. D. A. DuPre also gave valuable aid.

No Methodist in America and none, it is believed in the world, had at the time of Mr. Wofford's bequest given so large a sum for any philanthropic purpose. It was so large, indeed, judged by the standards of that time as to attract national attention, and it has since been equalled only twice in South Carolina, namely, by the gifts of Mr. D. E. Converse to the institution bearing his name, and by the \$166,000 donation of Mr. Ephraim Baynard to the College of Charleston. The Clemson bequest of \$80,000 and 800 acres of land, ranking almost as high, can be made to equal it only by the appreciation in the value of the real estate.

The thirteen trustees named in the will were Rev. W. M. Wightman, H. Bass, W. A. Gamewell, W. Barringer, H. A. C. Walker, John Porter, David Derrick, Maj. Harvey Wofford, H. H. Thomson, Joseph W. Tucker, Clough Beard and Doct. Benj. Wofford. The duty of this board was solely to buy land and erect buildings and hand the property over to a board of thirteen trustees elected for two years by the Conference. A charter was obtained from the legislature December 16, 1851, without opposition, contrary to the experience of Erskine, the first denominational college in the State, in 1839, and on August 1, 1854, exercises began.

The active faculty consisted of Rev. W. M. Wightman, D. D., President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science, David Duncan, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages, and James H. Carlisle, A. M., Professor of Mathematics. Though Prof. Warren DuPre, A. M., Professor of Natural Science, was elected with the original faculty by the Board at the Conference in Newberry in the fall of 1853, he did not teach the first year, as there were no classes needing his services, but spent this time studying in the laboratories of Yale University with Prof. Silliman, one of the most distinguished of American scientists, and in collecting apparatus and speciments. Rev. Albert M. Shipp, elected with the original faculty Professor of English Literature, continued to teach in the University of North Carolina and at the end of a year definitively declined the election to Wofford. When President Wightman resigned, July 12, 1859, to take the presidency of the new Methodist college in Alabama, Dr Shipp was elected to the presidency of Wofford and accepted. The teaching force consisted, therefore, of three professors the first year. Only two classes were represented, the Freshman and Sophomore, and the total enrollment reached twenty-four. About twenty besides were enrolled in the preparatory department.

Commencement was held notwithstanding, June 24 and 25, 1855, and a very interesting commencement it was. On Sunday, the 24th, the chapel was dedicated. President Wightman preached an eloquent sermon, rich in historical illustration and spiritual power, from the first verse of the 8oth Psalm. The next morning a procession was formed in front of the Palmetto Hotel, on the northeast corner of Church and Main streets, and marched to the college. There being no graduates or other student speakers, the faculty delivered inaugural addresses of about fifty minutes each. President Wightman spoke of the mission of the college and defended the denominational college idea with some warmth, alluding to the complete lack of representation of Methodists on the faculty of the State college and pointing out the peculiar advantages offered by Wofford.

Prof. Duncan, a ripe scholar of sixty-four year, spoke upon the nobility and value of the classics in an address learned and scholarly and at places finely spiced with his keen native wit. This address and that of Gov. D. H. Chamberlain along the same lines at a commencement many years later presented as excellently as ever heard at Wofford, in both argument and example, the claims of the classical ideal of education.

Prof. Carlisle, tall, imposing, modest, in the vigor of thirty years of youth, followed, as a hearer expressed it, "in one of his own happy efforts, at once profound, simple, delightful." The subject matter was moral and philosophical, "at times thrilling," we can easily believe. A distinct contrast, a contrast which he felt without throwing into prominence—was presented in his close with a portion of the address of President Wightman. He extended "a fraternal hand to all similar institutions," and paid "a tribute to the South Carolina College—in some sort the mother of us all said the orator, and hoped that when Wofford College should be celebrating its fittieth anniversary, as the State college is doing this year, that institution, still flourishing and vigorous, might be celebrating it's one hundredth." This noble spirit of liberality, joined with the deepest piety in its author, has been of immense value in the after educational history of South Carolina.

Prof. Warren DuPre delivered his inaugural at the second commencement. It was an address on Science, and was noted at the time as of marked ability.

The original curriculum was composed of a good deal of mathematics, a large quantity of Greek and Latin, what would now be considered an infinitesimal amount of English and that based on the study of Kames' Elements of Criticism, two years of Science, and some general history. For the first year there was no Professor of English, that work being done by the President. Dr. Whitefoord Smith came at the beginning of the second year as Professor of English Literature. Though collateral reading was not required in those days, an examination of the older portions of our library, as well as personal inquiries, proves that there was a great deal of good reading done, in the best existing fiction and a very excellent quality of history, especially in the works of the great historians who made the period famous by their writings.

When the War of Secession opened the college classes contained seventy-nine students. The struggle had not continued many months when the bulk of the maturer men were drawn by their enthusiasm into the army. In 1863-4 only eighteen were enrolled and two graduated. In 1864-5 only boys remained and Professors Duncan and Carlisle taught a high school in the college building. Prof. DuPre was engaged in supervising the public salt works at Mt. Pleasant, S. C., Prof. Smith served the church in the town, and President Shipp took a year of rest which his state of health made very acceptable.

One spring day in 1865 a message came that the Federal soldiers were coming. As Prof. Carlisle dismissed his boys, he told them to go straight home, as there might be confusion on the streets. Waddy Thompson was the last to leave the room, and as he departed he said, "I hope the Yankees will be good to you if they catch you, Prof. Carlisle." Waddy knew, perhaps, of the apprehension on the part of Prof. Carlisle's friends that his part in the Secession Convention would endanger his safety or liberty if he should fall into the hands of the Federals. He was unmolested, however.

The endowment of the college, after the erection and equipment of the buildings, amounted to \$50,000. To this the Conference added the Centenary Educational Fund, \$11,000, various friends gave \$4,000, and Geo. W. Williams gave \$5,000, the income from which last was to be used in aiding young men looking to the ministry. Almost immediately after its opening, therefore, the college lacked only two thousand dollars of having the same endowment which it had in 1903. In the six months beginning with November, 1863, President Shipp raised the endowment to over \$200,000. Simpson Bobo started the subscription with a gift of \$30,000 in Confederate bonds, and Rev. A. H. Lester (afterwards Professor in the college) and his brothers, William and George, owners all three of the Buena Vista cotton factory, where Pelham now is, gave jointly about the same sum. All

these funds, though valuable at the time, vanished with the Confederacy on whose existence they depended. With enthusiastic patriotism, the \$70,000 substantial endowment in existence at the outbreak of the war was converted into confederate bonds with the result of its total loss.

Besides the loss of the endowment was the arrest of the growing prosperity of the college, which had been increasing finely in the patronage and in the affections of the people. The necessities of many who would have become students forced them into self-supporting pursuits. Not until 1869 did the enrollment reach that of 1861, and so late as 1871-2 it was only ninety-four. There were no graduates in 1866 and but eighteen students; two received diplomas in 1867. The earnestness of the students of those trying days is attested by the unusually large proportion of the graduates to the total enrollment. The number of students in the college classes in 1866 was 18; in 1870, 94; in 1875, 92; in 1880, 84; in 1885, 72; in 1891, 138; in 1895, 144; in 1900, 143; in 1904, 196. Counting the 137 Fitting School students, there were 333 students on the campus in 1904.

But there was one feature of the years from 1865 to about 1880 that made for fine, manly tone in college life and excellence in certain departments of college work, namely, the unusually high average age of the students. Many men who sat in these class rooms in the late sixties and early seventies had marched across the bloody fields of Virginia and Tennessee or had fought back the invaders along the Carolina coast. In some respects the college life of those days is not likely ever again to be equaled.

A new point of departure in the history of the college may be fixed at (say) 1875. Three years before the movement which was eventually to create the present endowment had been set on foot, and the spirit manifested in the movers and the response among the people showed that a brighter day was about to dawn. In June, 1875, Dr. James H. Carlisle was made President, Dr. Shipp having accepted a professorship in the theological department of the newly organized Vanderbilt University, Rev. W W. Duncan, of Virginia, was given the work in Mental and Moral Philosophy formerly taught by the President and was shortly charged with the work of financial agent, Charles Forster Smith was made Assistant Professor of Greek and German, the latter subject being then introduced, and D. A. DuPre was elected Assistant Professor, though without assignment of work until his return from the University of Edinburgh in the spring of 1877. What might be called the young faculty was further increased ni 1876 by the election of W. M. Baskervill as Professor of Latin and English. Professor Baskervill, just returned from his first residence in Germany, introduced the study of English Language and Anglo-Saxon in addition to the old course in literature, in which latter he also introduced the new methods of teaching more by use of the authors' works instead of depending so largely on compends. In 1878 Jas. H. Kirkland became Tutor in Languages, thus presenting the simultaneous employment at Wofford, of which we shall always be proud, of three of the most distinguished men who later simultaneously served Vanderbilt University. The addition of these five younger men to the splendid body of conservative and cultured gentlemen identified with the college since its foundation meant that Wofford, while losing nothing of the ideals of the past, was to keep in touch with the expanding needs and progressive thought of modern education.

Happy is that people whose history is brief, expresses a truth applicable to the mutual relations of trustees, faculty and students. The remarkable harmony which has always characterized the workings of these three constituent members of the college body politic is due to the wisdom, moderation and liberality of no one of them above another, except in so far as an excep-

tion must be made by emphasizing the tone and spirit inaugurated and constantly exemplified by the "old faculty and made permanent by Dr. James H. Carlisle during his long presidency. It is due to say that probably no student body in this country has ever conducted itself for fifty years in a more uniformly, gentlemanly and enlightened manner than that of Wofford College. There are no bad traditions in their history to live down. If the time ever comes when this can no longer be said they will have lost their chief glory.

Not only has there never been a clash between any two of the three bodies of the college solar system, but the relations between all of them and the town have been equally as satisfactory. A college for women in the same town as one for men is a severe test upon the occupants of both institutions. Unpleasantness arising from this circumstance has never gone beyond trivial irritation due to a few individuals, and that years ago in the newness of associations in process of adjustment.

For a few years two members of the faculty and presumably the students looking to the ministry were known as "the divinity school," and the \$5,000 donation of Mr. Geo. W. Williams in 1855 was thought to look perhaps in this direction. The divinity school, however, never had any real existence, and it is the only instance, even in name, in which Wofford has ever departed from pursuing singly the ideal of a college. This singleness and sincerity of aim accounts in no small degree for the admirably rounded and liberal type of mind and character marking Wofford men.

College life has increased greatly in complexity and variety of duties, opportunities and interests during (say) the past fifteen or eighteen years. The issue of the first number of the Wofford College Journal in January, 1889, may be taken as the first decided break into the simpler routine of the older days, when class room work began at 10 a. m. and ceased at 12, to be completed by one hour's work from 4 to 5. The Y. M. C. A. had been organized in 1879; the gymnasium was opened in 1886. The first Wofford base ball team "the Pioneers," was in 1869, but intercollegiate games made no appearance until about 1886, and they did not become a customary or important part of the college life until 1896, since which date they have increased in number and intensity of interest. Though fraternities have existed in the college since 1867, they did not become an absorbing subject of collective college thought until about 1900. The Glee Club is another, though somewhat intermittent, recent expression of student activity. College politics began to give rise to more heated contests in about 1890, at important elections during the next few years feeling frequently rising to a painful height. It is much harder to be an ideal all round student now than ever before.

The student of manners observes that life at Wofford has within the past twenty years become more frankly democratic. Ideas of social caste, the heritage of an ante-bellum aristocratic society, have grown much weaker within the past two decades and the Wofford campus is nearer than ever before the place where every man has an equal chance, socially, intellectually and politically.

The history of the present endowment is as follows. At the meeting of the Alumni Association, June 25, 1872, Robert W. Boyd, who as a young man was the first teacher in the preparatory department, made an earnest speech proposing to raise \$50,000 endowment by January I, 1874, by securing personal bonds to this amount. The plan was adopted and the amount was pledged, the preachers of the South Carolina Conference, those ever ready friends to whom Wofford College is more deeply indebted than to any other body of men, subscribing \$10,000—many times above their proportional ability. Only a small portion of the

bonds under this plan were ever collected but the beginning made by Mr. Boyd was of lasting importance. The work was pressed with vigor in the following years, and mainly through the exertions of Prof. W. W. Duncan and Prof. John C. Kilgo over \$50,000 was raised in actual funds. The three founders of the endowment are, therefore, Mr. Boyd, Bishop Duncan and Dr. Kilgo. The twentieth Century Educational Movement and the liberality of the citizens of Spartanburg, regardless of denomnations, at the same period in endowing the James H. Carlisle chair of Mathematics have brought the endowment to a little over \$72,000.

In June, 1902, Dr. Carlisle resigned the duties of President, though retaining his class work. Since then he has been President emeritus and Dr. H. N. Snyder, since 1890 Professor of English, has been President.

Buildings, gifts and bequests have been added from time to time to the foundation of Benjamin Wofford. Those up to 1865 have already been mentioned. In 1889 the building now known as Archer Hall, facing Church street, was erected as Alumni Hall, the alumni having contributed the major portion of the cost towards it. Before the fire of aJnuary 18, 1901, which caused it to be reduced to its present dimensions, it stood four stories high. Used as a college dormitory until after the sale of the old Wofford Fitting School property, once the property of the old Spartanburg Female College and now to be seen as the five brick tenements in the midst of the Spartan Mill Village, it was later made to serve as the quarters of the Wofford Fitting School. After the fire, the present handsome Fitting School building was erected, at the cost of about \$15,000 (partly new contributions of the alumni), and the old building, reduced to two stories, was again used as a college dormitory.

An outline of the relations between the college and the sub-collegiate department may be given here. At first there were preparatory classes which were taught wholly by their own teachers. In 1887, through the liberal response of the Methodists to the efforts of Dr. A. Coke Smith, Financial Agent, the old Spartanburg Female College was bought, and until this was sold in 1895 a very flourishing preparatory school was conducted there exclusively by its own faculty. The Fitting School was conducted in the Archer Hall (formerly Alumni Hall) from October, 1895, until the fire in that building, January 18, 1901. Conducted in rooms in the college for the next few months, it was transferred to the present Fitting School building about the end of November, 1901. On the transfer of the Fitting School to the college campus in 1895 the college faculty for the first time did preparatory work, unless it be considered an exception that during the two previous years Prof. Rembert was Head Master of the Fitting School and also Professor of Greek in the college. The teachers of English Bible, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Modern Languages, and History assisted the Fitting School faculty after 1895, more and more of them being relieved of this duty, however, until since 1902 the only teaching of a preparatory class by a college professor has been by the Professor of Greek, who has his Freshmen who are one year behind and the preparatory Greek men in one class.

The Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg has always had a complete faculty of its own.

The Wilbur E. Burnett Gymnasium, built in 1896, owes its existence to the liberality of the alumni and the energy of Capt. Wilbur E. Burnett of the class of 1896. Capt. Burnett's exertions and his subscription were so considerable that the Alumni Association gave the building his name.

The latest addition to the college and one of the most valuable portions of the plant, representing the most considerable addition ever made by one man to Benjamin Wofford's foundation, is the John B. Cleveland Science Hall, erected in 1904.

This handsome building stands upon ground once owned by the grandfather of the donor, and in placing upon the former demesne of his forebear his own valuable gift, Mr. Cleveland has erected a monument rich alike in utility and in sentiment.

The bequest of Rev. John R. Pickett (died 1870), the whole of whose estate went by his will to the college after the death of his wife, aggregated about \$14,000.

The cottages used as student dormitories were erected by the college; each bears the name of a considerable benefactor. The cottage to the west of the John B. Cleveland Science Hall, sometimes rented to a professor, but not a "professors house," represents a portion of the endowment. All the professors' houses except the second to the west of the college, erected in 1892, formed a part of the original plant. The burning of the DuPre house, April 1, 1881, and the Archer Hall fire are the only conflagrations which have ever occurred on the campus.

Numerous gifts of smaller amount, prompted by as pure motive and as sincerely appreciated, have been made to the college by friends and alumni. The question now is, who will write his name simultaneously across the history of the college and the entablature of a worthy library building.

In her great personalities and distinguished alumni Wofford College finds her deepest satisfaction; for the production of good and great men is the object of her existence. The first President, Wm. M. Wightman, stands as one of the most distinguished of Methodist bishops. Dr. Whitefoord Smith was among the most eloquent preachers of a day in which eloquence flourished. Rev. A. M. Shipp, David Duncan, Warren DuPre and others connected with the earlier history of the college, besides being men of great scholarship and ability, were rare and lofty types of Christian gentlemen, whose strong and noble personalities were of inestimable value in impressing upon Wofford ideals in their incipiency their peculiarly high and pure quality to maintain which is the most sacred trust of every trustee, professor, student and alumnus.

Two bishops of the Methodist church besides Dr. Wightman have been connected with the college, each in the capacities of student, professor and financial agent, namely, William Wallace Duncan ('58) and A. Coke Smith ('72). Three of the alumni are circuit judges of South Carolina, C. G. Dantzler ('75), G. W. Gage ('75), and J. C. Klugh ('77), and one, Charles A. Woods ('72), was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina under peculiarly honorable and complimentary circumstances.

In the world of scholars, James H. Kirkland ('77), Chancellor of Vanderbilt University, and Charles Forster Smith ('72), Professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin, are among the most able and accomplished classical scholars in the country; and J. Perrin Smith ('84), brother of the last named and professor in Leland Stanford University, stands in the front rank of American paleontologists. A. C. Wightman ('79), Professor of Biology in Randolph-Macon, Rev. J. L. Weber ('82), President of Wesleyan College, Ky., W. L. Weber ('86), Professor of English in Emory, A. M. Muckentuse ('89), Professor of Chemistry in Millsaps, W. P. Few ('80), Professor of English in Trinity, are among the leading educators of the South.

Wofford's contribution to the ministry has been large and valuable. Besides our Bishops, Dr. R. D. Smart ('68), is known throughout the church, as is Dr. John C. Kilgo, President of Trinity, distinguished both as educator and preacher. S. A. Weber ('59), W. D. Kirkland ('70), and W. R. Richardson ('77), have been entrusted with the responsible position of editor of the Southern Christian Advocate.

The world of business has been strengthened by the influx of hundreds of able alumni of this institution, a few of whom are George Cofield (57), Dr. H. Baer (58), John B. Cleveland (69), J. E. Wannamaker (72), A. B. Calvert (80), T. B. Stackhouse (80), T. C. Duncan (81), W. A. Law (83), J. A. Law (87), and Wm Coleman (95). Numbers of others might be named; especially gratifying is the progress in the business world of the alumni of the past ten years.

In the professions of law and teaching the contribution of Wofford has been so great as to render enumeration both tedious and useless. It must be remarked, however, that the politics of the State have been benefited by the successful participation of a number of the alumni, especially from the legal profession.

The greatest personality in the history of Wofford College is Dr. James H. Carlisle, the only one with us to-day whose life and service cover the entire history of the college. A glance at the educational field in 1854 gives a juster conception of his historic position. The present vigorous system of denominational colleges which has powerfully stimulated the ethical and moral elements of education in South Carolina, was just taking shape. A great work waited to be done; an ideal was to be presented and lived up to which was to be far reaching in the history of South Carolina and was not to be confined to State limits. Consecrating his life with a singleness of devotion unsurpassed to this ideal and this work, James H. Carlisle has for fifty years put aside all other aim or ambition than to impress with a force titanic in its power and fatherly in its affection ideals of Christly purity and integrity upon the future manhood of the State and to lead it along the most elevated plains of thought and action. There have been in connection with colleges in the State a few more accomplished orators, some more learned scholars, some equally as high charactered men; but take him for all in all, Dr. Carlisle stands as the greatest teacher in the history of education in South Carolina; and he lives and will live, as no other man in South Carolina ever has lived, in the lives of the men upon whose souls he has stamped with overpowering moral force the mintmark of his personality.

What, then, does it all mean, and what does it amount to? What are the actualized ideals of Wofford College in scholarship and character? The answer as to scholarship is not simply the accomplishments of her alumni and the courses presented in her class rooms, but also the large proportion of her graduates who seek university training to feed the aspirations kindled

here. A mark of scholarship is dissatisfaction with present attainment.

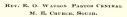
What the ideals of Wofford College are in character is best answered by the type of man represented in the every day, average man among the alumni. The college has been of service to State as well as church. She has never stood for sectarian policy or ideals; but she has stood for intelligence and liberality joined to positive Christian character. She trains men to be the best citizens they can be in the actual world of which they are a part. No minister of education could ever bring against her the charge of ultra-montanism, or any other spirit hostile to the most patriotic and useful citizenship.

In his bequest of fifty-four years ago Benjamin Wofford put himself in alliance with those forces which make for good in the world and enrolled himself among those whose lives count in the long run.



COLLEGE CHAPEL.



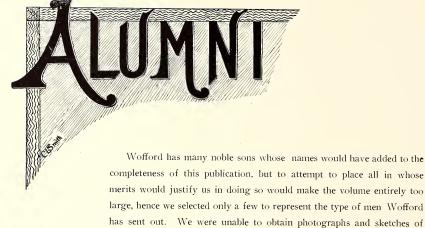






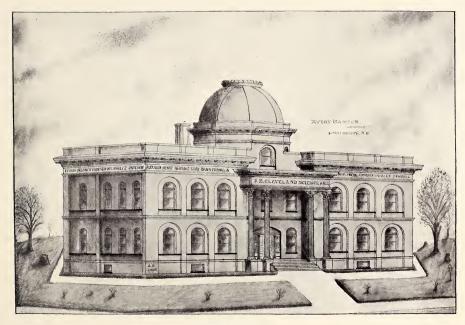
BISHOP W. W. DUNCAN, D. D., LL.D., President (1886).

REV. W. A. ROGERS, (1886). GEORGE E. PRINCE, (1892). C. G. DANTSLER, (1892). REV. E. T. HODGES, (1896). REV. R. A. CHILD, (1898). CHARLES A. WOODS, (1898). J. L. Glenn, (1899).
REV. MARION DARGAN, (1900).
W. E. BURNETT, (1900).
J. B. CLEVELAND, (1900).
HENRY P. WILLIAMS, (1901).
J. A. McCullough, (1902).



only sketches.

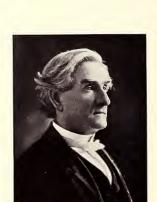
some whom we desired to have, while of others we succeeded in obtaining



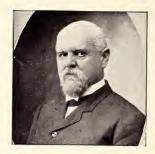
SCIENCE HALL.



BISHOP A. COKE SMITH.



BISHOP W. W. DUNCAN, DD. LL.D.



HON G. D. SHANDS.

# BISHOP WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN.

B ISHOP WILLIAM WALLACE DUNCAN was born at Boydton, Va., December 20, 1839; educated at Randolph-Macon College and Wofferd College by the control of the con Randolph-Macon College and Wofford College, having finished here 1858. Married Miss Mendora Rice, Union, S. C., 1861. Joined the Virginia Conference 1859, and filled stations in the same till 1875, except during the Civil War, he served as Chaplain of the Confederate Army. 1875-1886 he was Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy in Wofford College. 1886 elected Bishop. Was delegate to the Ecumenical Conference, London, 1881. He is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Wofford, and resides in Spartanburg, S. C.

# BISHOP ALEXANDER COKE SMITH.

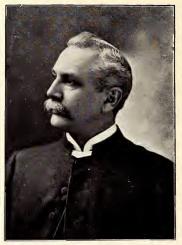
graduated from Wofford College, 1872, A. M., 1874. (D. D. Erskine College, 1887). Entered into the ministry of the M. E. Church, South, (South Carolina Conference), 1872. 1875 married Miss Kate Kinard, of Newberry, S. C. Made Presiding Elder 1883. Was elected to fill the Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Wofford College, 1886, and served in this capacity till 1890. Professor of Practical Theology in Vanderbilt University 1890-1902. Resigned 1892 to return to pastorate. Delegate to Ecumenical Conference, Washington, 1891, and read essay on Christian Co-operation. Appointed delegate to Ecumenical Conference to meet in London, 1901. Elected Bishop General Conference, Dallas, Texas, May, 1902.

# GARVIN DUGAS SHANDS.

ARVIN DUGAS SHANDS was born December 5, 1844, in the southern part of Spartanburg District, S. C. Entered Wofford College 1859. Spent nearly four years in the Confederate Army. The only man who matriculated before the bombardment of Fort Sumter, who returned to the College after the close of the war. Took law education in University of Kentucky. Member Mississippi House of Representatives, 1876-1880. Lieutenant-Governor of Mississippi, and ex-officio President of Mississippi Senate, 1882-1890. Member of the Centennial Methodist Conference at Baltimore, 1884. Member of Board of Trustees of Vanderbilt University, 1890-1894. Professor of Law in University of Mississippi, 1894-1900. Dean of the Law School of the University of Mississippi, 1900 to date.



DR. CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.



DR. R. D. SMART.



J. B CLEVELAND.

#### JOHN B. CLEVELAND.

■OHN B. CLEVELAND was born in Spartanburg, November 9, 1848. Graduated from Wofford 1869. Admitted to the Bar, and for ten years a partner of Major D. R. Duncan. Gave up the practice of law, 1880, since then has been actively engaged in promoting the manufacturing, banking and educational interests of his native city and county. Mr. Cleveland has recently donated to Wofford a spacious Science Hall. This magnificent structure stands as a monument of his interest in the cause of education and his devotion to his Alma Mater. He is at present a Trustee of this Institution.

# CHARLES FORSTER SMITH.

THARLES FORSTER SMITH was born Abbeville County, S. C., June 30, 1852. Graduated Wofford, 1872. Studied at Harvard 1874, Leipzig and Berlin Universities 1874-1875, Leipzig 1879-1881, (Ph. D., Leipzig, 1881). Professor of Classics and German, Wofford, 1875-1879. Assistant Professor Latin and Greek, Williams College, Mass., 1881-1882. Professor Modern Languages, Vanderbilt University, 1882-1883, and Professor of Greek in same, 1883-1894. Professor Greek and Classical Philology, University of Wisconsin, 1894-—. Editor Thucydides and Xenophon's Anabasis. Translator Hertzberg's Geschichte Griechenlands. Contributor to Philology journals and literary reviews on Classical Philology, on Modern Literature, and Educational Topics.

# REV. RICHARD DAVIS SMART.

PICHARD DAVIS SMART was born September 17, 1846, in Beaufort County, S. C. Was prepared for college at Cokesbury Conference School Entered Wofford College at Cokesbury College at Cokesbury Conference School Entered Wofford College at Cokesbury Conference School Entered College at Cokesbury Conference College at Cokesbury Conference College at Cokesbury Cokesbury College at Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesbury Cokesb college at Cokesbury Conference School. Entered Wofford College 1864, and graduated 1868 (delivered the Valedictory). Entered Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Columbia, 1868, and graduated 1871. He then entered the South Carolina Conference, serving various charges and Districts until having finished a four years' pastorate at Bethel, Charleston, S. C., was transferred to First Church, Little Rock, Ark., thence to First Church, Memphis, Tenn., thence to Cook Avenue Church, St. Louis, thence to Epworth Church, Norfolk, Va., which church he now serves. He has held the following positions: Chairman Board of Trustees of Columbia Female College, Chairman S. C. Advocate Publication Committee, Delegate to General Conference, St. Louis, Chairman of Delegation to the General Conference, Dallas, Texas, President of the Ministerial Evangelical Alliance of St. Louis, Delegate to the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, New York, 1900.



HON SAMUEL DIBBLE.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE C. A. WODDS.



JUDGE C. G. DANZLER.



James H. Kirkland, Ph. D., LL, D., Chancellor of Vanderbilt University.

#### HON. SAMUEL DIBBLE.

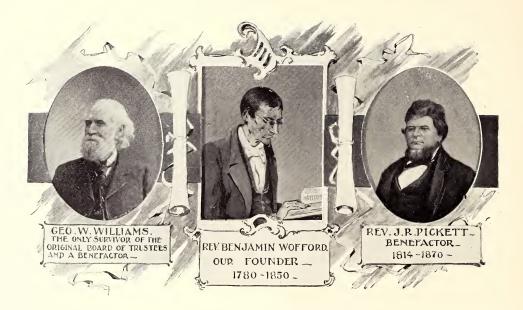
AMUEL DIBBLE was born in Charleston, S. C., September 16, 1837. Received his education at schools in his native city, and in a common school near his grandfather's farm in Connecticut. After completing the course in the High School of Charleston, 1853, entered the Sophomore Class of Charleston College, and there completed the Junior Class. 1855 entered Wofford College, and graduated in July; 1856. He was the first graduate of Wofford, and later this Institution conferred upon him the Degree of LL. D. 1856-1858 taught in schools of Orangeburg District, and in Wofford Preparatory Department, and meanwhile studied law. 1860 admitted to the Bar. 1861 volunteered in Confederate Army and served to the close of the war, being promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant. After the war resumed practice of law. 1877 elected to State Legislature. Served as Trustee of South Carolina College. 1880 delegate to National Democratic Convention, Cincinnati, Ohio, and was elected a Presidential Elector. Served his State in Congress from 1881 to 1891, at which time he declined further election, preferring to retire to private life.

### ASSOCIATE JUSTICE C. A. WOODS.

HARLES A. WOODS was born in Darlington, S. C., July 31, 1852. Graduated from Wofford 1872. For some time served as Trustee of Winthrop College, and at present is a member of the Board of Trustees of Wofford College. 1900—was elected Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina.

#### JUDGE C. G. DANTZLER.

HARLES G. DANTZLER was born near St. Matthews, Orangeburg County, S. C., March 19, 1854. Educated at Mount Zion Institute, Winnsboro, S. C., King's Mountain Military School, Yorkville, S. C., and at Wofford College, having graduated here in 1875. Served his native County as Representative in the General Assembly, 1884-1890. Was elected Judge of the First Judicial Circuit of South Carolina, 1892, and is the present incumbent of that office.



#### JUDGE GEORGE WILLIAMS GAGE.

GEORGE WILLIAMS GAGE was born on a farm in Union County, S. C., February 4, 1856. Graduated from Wofford College 1875. 1876-1877 was employed in the Carolina Savings Bank, Charleston, S. C. Graduated from Vanderbilt University 1880, and there took the founder's medal for law. Admitted to the Bar by the Supreme Court 1881. Practiced law from that time till 1898. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention held in Columbia, 1895, and a member of the General Assembly from Chester County, 1897-1898. In 1898 he was elected a Judge of the Circuit Court, which position he now holds.

# REV. BENJAMIN WOFFORD.

EV. BENJAMIN WOFFORD was born in Spartanburg County, S. C., October 19, 1780. Died in the town of Spartanburg, December 2, 1850. He left in his will a legacy of one hundred thousand dollars to the South Carolina Conference "for the purpose of establishing and endowing a college for literary, classical and scientific education, to be located in my native District, Spartanburg." Consequently Wofford College was founded.

## REV. JOHN R. PICKETT.

EV. JOHN R. PICKET was born in Fairfield County, S. C., in 1814. Entered the S. C. Conference 1835. Became a Superannuate 1862, and died in Chester County, S. C., 1870. By his will, made many years before his death, he left all his property to Wofford College, at the death of himself and wife. His widow died in 1893, and the entire estate, worth about twelve thousand dollars, came to the college.

## BISHOP WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN.

EV. WILLIAM MAY WIGHTMAN, D. D., born Charleston, S. C., January 8, 1808. Graduated at Charleston College 1828. Professor of English Literature Randolph-Macon College, Va., 1837-1840. Editor Southern Christian Advocate, Charlestor, 1840-1854. First President of Wofford College, 1854-1859. First President of Southern University, Ala., 1859-1866. Elected Bishop 1868. Died in Charleston, February 15, 1882.

# REV. ALBERT MICAH SHIPP, D D.

EV. ALBERT MICAH SHIPP, D. D., born in Stokes County, N. C., January 15, 1819. Graduated University of North Carolina 1840. Entered South Carolina Conference 1842. President of Greensboro Female College, N. C., 1847-1849. Professor of History in University of North Carolina, 1849-1859. Second President of Wofford College, 1859-1875. Professor in Vanderbilt Theological School (Dean for last three years) 1875-1885. Died in Spartauburg, January 27, 1887.

# REV. WHITEFOORD SMITH, D. D.

EV. WHITEFOORD SMITH, D. D., born in Charleston, S. C., November 7, 1812. Graduated at S. C. College 1830. Entered S. C. Conference 1833. First Professor of English Literature in Wofford College, 1855-1859. First President Columbia Female College, 1859-1860. Professor in Wofford College 1861-1893. Died in Spartanburg, April 29, 1893.

#### CHANCELLOR JAMES HAMPTON KIRKLAND.

AMES HAMPTON KIRKLAND was born Spartanburg, S. C., September 9, 1859. He was graduated from Wofford 1877 (A. M. 1878). He then served his Alma Mater as Tutor in Greek, 1879-1881, and Professor of Greek and German 1881-1883. Studied and travelled in Europe. Ph. D., Leipzig, Germany, 1885. Professor of Latin, 1886-1893, Vanderbilt University. In 1893 chosen Chancellor of Vanderbilt University. LL. D. University of North Carolina, 1894. D. C. L., University of the South, 1902. Editor Horace's Latises and Epistles. Contributor American Journal of Philology, The Nation, the Quarterly Review, etc.

# PROFESSOR WARREN DuPRE, LL. D.

ARREN DuPRE, LL. D., born near Santee River, S. C., January 24, 1816. Graduated at Randolph-Macon College, Va., 1837. First Professor of Natural Science in Wofford College, 1854-1876. President Martha Washington College, Va., 1876-1879. Died in Abingden, April 25, 1789.



J. C CANDI J. P. LANE.

W. D. ROBERTS. ANNUAL STAFF.



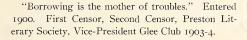
# SENIOR CLASS ROLL.

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All, E. L.
  Ariail, W. C.
    BETHEA, P. W.
      BURNETT, W. D.
        CANNON, L. E.
           CANNON, S. F.
             CELY, T. L.
               CHAPMAN, (MISS) O. L.
                 CHAPMAN, O. M.
                    CLARK, N. T.
                      CURRY, I. E.
                        Daniel, A. C., Jr.
                           Fair, W. M.
                             GOODLETT, C. B.
                               HARDIN, E. K., JR.
                                 HERBERT, W. C.
                                    Jones, W. S., Jr.
                                      Lane, J. P.
                                        LAWTON, R. O.
                                          LAWTON, T. O.
                                             McIntyre, J. A.
                                               McWhirter, E. F.
                                                 SMITH, C. L.
                                                   TARBOUX, (MISS) M. V.
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#### ERNEST LANGDON ALL.

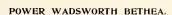
"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice." Entered 1900. Marshal on Soph. Ex.; First Censor, Recording Secretary, First Critic, Vice-President of Preston Literary Society, Captain Class Base Ball Team 1903, Third Base on "Varsity" Team 1904. Literary Editor Wofford Journal 1903-4. Vice-President Class 1903-4. ►>-A.E. Frat.

#### WILLIAM COKE ARIAIL.





W. C. ARIAIL.



"Arise with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening." Entered 1900. Assistant Literary Editor Wofford Journal 1902-3. Ed-In-Chief 1903-4. Third Critic, First Critic, Vice-President Calhoun Literary Society. Eight articles contributed to Journal.



W. D. BURNETT.



# WARREN DaPRÉ BURNETT.

"There's mischief in this man." Entered 1899. Manager "Varsity" Foot Ball Team 1902, Captain Class Base Ball Team 1902, Manager C. L. Society Foot Ball Team, Short stop on "Varsity" Base Ball Team 1903. Captain of Team 1904. Monthly Orator, Speaker on Soph. Ex., Jr. Debator, Vice-President of Calhoun Society, Speaker on Oratorical Contest 1904. X. & Frat.

#### LAWRENCE EPTON CANNON.

"I think, therefore, I am." Entered 1900.



L. E. CANNON.

#### SIMPSON FANT CANNON.

"The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Entered 1900. Censor Morum, First Censor, Monthly Orator, Vice-President, Jr. Debator of Calhoun Literary Society, Speaker on Soph. Ex., Secretary and Treasurer Class 1902-3. Treasurer Class 1903-4. Local Editor Wofford Journal 1903-4. Contributed five articles to Journal.



#### THOMAS LOYD CELY.

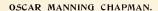
"Character is higher than intellect." Entered 1900. First Censor, Monthly Orator, Second Critic, First Critic, Vice-President of Preston Society. Business Manager Preston Society 1903. Assistant in Chemical Laboratory 1903-4. Delegate to Ashville Conference 1903.

#### MISS OLIVE LEE CHAPMAN.

"I'm not denying women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em so to match the men." Entered 1900.



MISS O I CHARMAN



"Along the cool sequestered vale of life, he keeps the even tenor of his way." Entered 1900. Recording Secretary, Second Critic of Preston Literary Society.



O. M. CHAPMAN.

#### N. T. CLARKE



C. DANIE S. JP

NEWTON THOMAS CLARKE.

"Who knows nothing, doubts nothing." Entered 1900.

# IVRY ELDRIDGE CURRY.

"A great man is only found in a generation of great men." Entered 1898. Taught school two years. Entered Class of '04 September, 1903. Monthly Orator, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, Treasurer, First Critic, Second Critic, First Censor, Junior Marshal, Junior Debator, Vice-President and President of Preston Society, Speaker on Soph Ex., Vice-President Soph. Class. Business Manager Journal 1904. Business Manager Annual 1904.



ANDREW CHALMERS DANIELS, Jr.

"If woman lost Eden, 'tis she alone can restore it." Entered 1900. Monthly Orator, Censor Morum, First Monitor, First Critic, Annaversarian of Calhoun Society. Gymnasium Team 1901, 1902, 1903. Captain of Team 1904. Contributed seven articles to Journal.

#### WILLIAM MARTIN FAIR.

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much. Wisdom is humble that he knows no more." Entered 1899. Recording Secretary, First Critic Calhoun Society.



#### CLAUDE BERNARD GOODLET.

"You know if it be cracked by the sound of a bell." Entered 1900. First Censor, Second Censor, Second Critic, Third Critic of Calhoun Society.



C B GOODLET.

# EDWARD KING HARDEN, Jr.

"To his largeness of body he had a correspondingly large soul." Entered 1900. Vice-President Class 1901-2. President Class 1902-3. Speaker on Soph. Ex., Class Historian 1904. Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Treasurer, Censor, Vice-President, President, Jr. Debator, Speaker on Oratorical Contest 1902, 1903, 1904 Preston Literary Society, Wofford's Representative in State Oratorical Contest 1904, Secretary and Recorder State Oratorical Association 1903-4. Essay Medal, Preston Society, 1903. Treasurer Y. M. C. A. 1902-3. Vice-President 1903-4. Delegate to Ashville Conference 1902. Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club 1902-3, President 1903-4. Assistant Business Manager Journal 1902-3. Y. M. C. A. Editor 1903-4. Assistant Business Manager Athletic Association 1903-4. Eleven articles contributed to Journal. X Φ Frat.



(Winner of Medal in State Oratorical contest.)

### WILLIAM CHAPMAN HERBERT.

"As well have no time as to make no use of it." Entered 1900. Y. M. C. A. Editor Wofford Journal 1902-3. Delegate to Ashville 1902. Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Treasurer, Recording Secretary. First Censor, President, Annaversarian, Marshal 1901-2, Chief Marshal 1902-3, Preston Society. Secretary Class 1903-4, Captain Tennis Club 1903-4.



C HERREST

# WILLIAM TOWNES JONES, Jr.

"Let this describe the undescribable." Entered 1900. First Censor, Treasurer Preston Society. Contributed two articles to Wofford Journal.



W. T. JONES

# JOE POWER LANE.

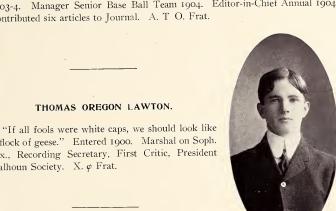
"A spur in the head is worth two in the heel." Entered 1900. Speaker on Soph. Ex., First Monitor, First. Second and Third Critics, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, President Calhoun Society, Cartoon and Miscellaneous Editor Annual 1904. Secretary Athletic Association 1903-4. Vice-President Class 1903. Class Prophet.



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#### ROBERT OSWALD LAWTON.

"A good word for a bad one is worth much, and costs little." Entered 1902. Monthly Orator, Recording Secretary, President Calhoun Society. Won Calhoun Essay Medal 1903. President Class 1903-4. Exchange Editor Journal 1903-4. Manager Senior Base Ball Team 1904. Editor-in-Chief Annual 1904. Contributed six articles to Journal. A. T O. Frat.



a flock of geese." Entered 1900. Marshal on Soph. Ex., Recording Secretary, First Critic, President Calhoun Society. Χ. φ Frat.



# JOHN ARCHIBALD McINTYRE.

T. O. LAWTON.

"The man who tries to get home on a three base hit is generally thrown out at the plate." Entered 1901. First Monitor, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, First Censor, President Calhoun Society.

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# ERNEST FRIPP McWHIRTER.

"Hitch your wagon to a star." Entered 1900. Captain "Varsity" Foot Ball Team 1900-1902. Gymnasium Team 1900, 1901, 1902. President Gymnasium Association 1901-2. Chief Marshal, Soph. Ex., Manager Class Base Ball Team, Jr. Marshal, Captain Preston Society Foot Ball Team 1903. Captain "Varsity" Track Team 1903-4. Secretary and Treasurer Class 1902-3. Alumni, Editor Journal 1903-4. II. K. A. Frat.

#### CLAUDE LIVINGSTON SMITH.

"Life is real; life is earnest." Entered 1900. First Censor, Corresponding Secretary, Monthly Orator, Frst Critic, Second Critic, Monitor, President, Junior Debator, Speaker on Oratorical Contest 1903, 1904, Preston Literary Society. Won Preston Society Essay Medal 1902. Won Journal prize poem 1901. Pres. class 1900-1. Marshal on Soph. Ex., Class Poet 1904. Secretary Y. M, C. A. 1902-3. President Y. M. C. A. 1903-4. Delegate to Ashville Conference 1903 and 1904. Delegate to Student Volunteer Convention, Toronto, 1902. Recording Secretary State Y. M. C. A. Convention, 1903. Travelling Student Secretary for S. C., 1903-4. Secretary Athletic Association 1902-3. Assistant Business Manager Glee Club 1902-3. Business Manager Glee Club 1903-4. Contributed twenty-one articles to Journal, K. A. Frat.



C. L. SMITH.

#### MISS MARIE VIRGINIA TARBOUX.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit." Entered 1901.



E. F. M'WHIRTER



MISS M. V. TARBOUX

# CLASS HISTORY.

HE old college lay calmly nestled among the pines on that quiet September day in 1900, and little dreamed that an event crowded with historical importance was taking place within its walls. No officious pomp and ceremony marked the occasion. No cannon thundered forth its salute of honor. No bells pealed forth their glad messages of kindness and welcome except the old college bell, calling the students to work. That blessed old bell,—so long the college boy's friend—must have smiled with the memory of former days, when Claud Goodlett and Willie T. Jones climbed away up to its resting place in the tower—in their vain search for the English Room. But they were not alone in their Freshman aspirations. No, there were seventy-nine Freshmen gathered here from all parts of our State, and others. Freshmen of all sorts, kinds, sizes and descriptions. Yet they were a fine looking set, one of the most handsome Freshmen classes in all the history of the college, and certainly the looks are decidedly in their favor in comparison with those who have since followed them.

And that first class meeting! The memory of it shall never die. Several of the boys thought it was going to be one of the old fashioned Methodist Class Meetings, and from natural inclination were going the other way, but were finally shown their mistake. The class of 1904 assembled in its first meeting in the college chapel, and sturdy Frank Ehrlich, of foot ball fame, took the chair. Nominations for President poured in thick and fast, and after much confusion and trouble an election was effected. Then a certain big Freshman—a defeated candidate—wishing to cover himself with honor, rose in his seat, and his voice trembling with emotion, as he realized the awful seriousness and terrible importance to the welfare of the college of the step he was about to take, thundered forth in stentorian tones: "Mr. President, I move, sir, that this election be made magnanimous." The motion was carried, and C. L. Smith was magnanimously elected President of the Class of '04. J. C. Harmon was made Vice-President, with Frank Ehrlich as Secretary. Thus was ushered into being this great and mighty organization.

The remaining part of this first year was spent in hard work, nothing out of the ordinary happening, except the smallpox scare, which came in just the right time—during examinations—and moved up the Christmas holidays nearly a week. That long looked for commencement came at last, and in the general reckoning, when the distinction lists were passed around, it was shown that '04 had determined to make a record there first of all, then in other things. At the end of our first year, taking a retrospective glance we found that some of our number had fallen by the wayside, some had fallen in love, a few had been afflicted with nostalgia, two had had smallpox, one or two had come under the influence of that gentle persuasion administration.

istered by the faculty. So, taking all in all, it looked as if fate was against us. But not so.

After the 28th day of September, 1901, fifty-three proud, trooping Sophomores trod the campus in their immaculate "Sophomorism," and made the old walls fairly ring as they looked down from their heights of superiority, and shouted "Fresh" at the groveling weaklings beneath them. In the annual election of officers, J. C. Harmon was made President, E. K. Hardin Jr., Vice-President and E. F. McWhirter, Secretary and Treasurer.

The class this year received some valuable additions. Coke Ariail and little Billie Carmes came back to college after missing a year and linked their fortunes with ours, tho' Carmes left us at the end of this year, and soon linked his fortunes with those of somebody else, coming back the next year accompanied by Mrs. Carmes. Jerry Burnett, too, became dissatisfied with his surroundings in the Class of 1903, and looking around to choose a class of his own liking, he cast his lot with us, much to the mutual joy and benefit of all parties concerned.

The crowning event of every Sophomore year is the annual Soph. Ex. The following did the honors for the class on that great occasion:

S. F. Cannon—"Jefferson Davis," by Randolph Tucker.

J. C. Harmon—"The Course of Empire," by James O. Norton.

W. D. Burnett—"Fate of Virginia," by T. B. Macaulay.

E. K. Hardin, Jr.—"The Hero of Santiago," by Isadore Raynor.
J. P. Lane—"The Source of Our National Life," by Henry Grady.

W. C. Moore—"Europe and America," by Brooks Adams.

Modesty prevents us saying much about our Exhibition, and we can only give the opinion of experienced persons who have seen dozens of such occasions, among whom the general verdict was, that 1904 excelled them all.

The Commencement this year was enjoyed by every member of our class, especially so since Smith captured the Preston Essay Medal—leading off in this respect. Much to the sorrow of the class, since foot ball was abolished this year—McWhirter, Cottingham, Lane, Montgomery and Oliver having made enviable reputations in this sport, and McWhirter having the honor of being Captain of the team

#### III.

At the beginning of our Junior year, Trinity College sent us a valuable addition in the person of R.O. Lawton. The class now numbered thirty-one, and elected officers as follows: W. W. Niver, President; E. K.

Hardin, Jr., Vice-President; S. F. Cannon, Secretary. Niver left college, and Hardin was made President, with J. P. Lane Vice-President.

On the base ball field the class was well represented, Burnett playing a splendid shortstop, while Wiggins did fine work behind the bat, and Willie T. Jones won for himself almost a national reputation by his

famous "Rural Free Delivery" in the pitcher's box.

At Commencement the Juniors were much in evidence, As Presidents of the two Societies, Herbert and Lane presided over the literary exercises and Junior debate. The four debaters were Cannon, Burnett, Smith and Hardin, and the vast audience was almost swept off its feet by their eloquence and oratory. Both society medals were won by 1904 men, and the class closed the third year of its history in good order.

#### IV.

The last year of our college history was begun under auspicious circumstances, with twenty-six members back—Vaughan, Cottingham, Meadors, Lancaster and Gilmore deserting the ranks after the Junior year, while "Curious" Curry and Bill Fair, two of 1903's best men, had left them in 1902, and wishing to graduate with a distinguished class, joined us this year. Oliver and Turner have left us, however, at this late date, leaving the number at present to be twenty-four. Twenty-four dignified Seniors! Think of Bob

Lawton or Ernest All being dignified! But so they claim to be.

The officers who are this last year at Wofford guiding the class over the sea of trouble are President, R. O. Lawton; Vice-President, E. L. All; Secretary, W. C. Herbert; Prophet, J. P. Lane; Historian, E. K. Hardin, Jr. The Presidents of the two Societies in the order of their election have been—Calhoun: J. P. Lane, R. O. Lawton, J. A. McIntyre, and T. O. Lawton. While the Prestons have had W. C. Herbert, E. K. Hardin, Jr., I. E. Curry, and C. L. Smith. The anniversary on March 4th was a great success, and did credit to the class. Herbert represented the Prestons, and had as his subject: "A Debt Unpaid." While Daniel for the Calhouns, discussed the "Rational Treatment of Criminals."

Our class has always been noted for its oratory anyway, and all rejoiced when a '04 man won the oratorical contest, even though our men have been going up against it ever since we were Sophomores. On

the athletic field Captain Burnett gives great promise of bringing forth a victorious ball team.

And now only one other important event—commencement. Long looked for, long wished for, Wofford's Fiftieth Commencement is almost here. And it is going to be the biggest occasion in the history of the College. Two things conspire to make it so: Wofford's fifty years of history, and the class of 1904. Twenty-four stand ready to launch forth upon the sea of life, two of them young ladies. The class of 1900, upon

its graduation day, proudly laid claim to the fact that "It was the last class to graduate at Wofford College without any of those newly discovered beings, co-eds." 1904 will just as proudly remember the fact that it was the last class to have this honor, which 1900 descried.

In the mere recording of events my task is done, and in looking back over the short four years of our history, the one dominant characteristic of the class must be mentioned. It stuck together. That Freshman struck the key-note to our characters as a class when he made that magnanimous motion. We acted together, and generally did the right thing. When the time came to get out a College Annual, the class decided we must have one, and have it we did. When 1904 came to her inheritance, and determined that the Preston and Calhoun Societies should be rid of cliqueing and low methods and dealings, she carried out her determination. Together we stand, and as a solid phalanx we move.

Two other things are to be noted. During the whole four years of our college course, thus far the Almighty Creator, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, has not seen fit for a single member of '04 to be cut down by the grim reaper, Death. Again for four years it has been our inestimable privilege to sit under the instruction and live within the very shadow and influence of the great character of one whose life has been wrapped up in the well-being and very existence of Wofford College during the past half century of her history. The great chance of a lifetime has been ours. For all of this we are profoundly thankful.

A history of 1904? That is impossible. Our history is but begun, and what I have attempted to do, is but a mere preface to that history. Twenty-four young men and women just entering their usefulness! Who would dare estimate the mighty possibilities there, and write a history of that class? Our work is but begun.

A history of 1904? Maybe in the far distant future, when Wofford has rounded off another half century of work and honor, when most of us possibly shall have passed into

"That undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveler e'er returns."

When the scenes all around us shall have changed completely, when those of our number still living shall have the greater part of life behind them, then, maybe, if I am so fortunate as to be spared, will I write a history of the Class of 1904, a history of its joys and sorrows, of its defeats and victories. Until then, Old College, farewell. But as we take our leave of you, deep down in our hearts we vow that by the grace of God, and with the characteristic Wofford strength of manhood, we'll go forth into life's battle to win honor and fame for you, and then we'll come back to the source of all our inspiration and power, and with loving hands place around thy brow the well won chaplet of a well won victory.

E. K. Hardin, Jr.

### CLASS PROPHECY.

#### THE FOUR AND TWENTY.

ROPHETS as a rule soar off into high flights of eloquence when they foretell the fortunes of their class mates; and either plough through the mighty deep of Neptune's aquatic kingdom seeking their comrades among his courtiers, or sail through the heavens on an aeronautic expedition, finding them constructing railroads from one planet to another, or else among the shades, surrounded by the departed spirits of the ancients. Such flights and wanderings of an unlimited imagination are beautiful, thrilling, sometimes almost sublime. Our blood tingles when the Prophet allows himself to be overmastered and dragged along to heights unseen by a subtle and persuasive imagination. One startling revelation after another, coming in quick succession, lifts us up and hurries us forward to the final climax only to hurl us back, breathless, to the real and practical earth of everyday occurrences. But we of the class of nineteen hundred and four, are men of a more practical turn of mind. We are hurled from the sheltering arms of our Alma Mater into that surging, struggling mass of humanity, commonly known as the world of practical affairs, there to catch a foothold and struggle onward to the top or to fall beneath, whirl off into an eddy, and finally sirk to the bottom to rest with the dregs. Ours is no time for vain imaginings, for we of the Twentieth century look out upon a world of action.

It has now been twenty years since the, in some respects, wonderful class of nineteen hundred and four left these college halls to cast their lot among their fellows, in an untried world, and it is my pleasant duty to recount to you the various bright smiles and dark frowns which Dame Fortune has been pleased to cast upon my class-mates of the long ago. I shall now tell you something of the facts in the lives of each one as

I found them:

After various mishaps and weary wanderings over the face of the earth, it has been my good fortune, at last, to find a calling which suits me. When I was in college I had a higher ambition than to become a traveling salesman, but I have long since realized the truth of the proverb: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Happening one day, after many weeks of weary tramping through the dusty highways, to land in New York City, sick in body and mind from the want of work and food, there appeared to me, like an oasis to the

traveler on the burning plains of the desert, the following inscription on a store front: McWhirter & Clark, Wholesale Clothiers. In the window was another sign: Wanted—A traveling salesman. I thought I could fill that bill, at least the traveling part of it. The boys were indeed glad to see me, and I secured the position at once.

I made my first trip in the interest of the company to the flourishing city of Tahlequah, Indian Territory, and to my utter surprise found my friend, I. E. Curry, in this out-of-the-way place. While in college his ambition seemed to be in the direction of a professor's chair, but even then we all knew that he was too good at figures not to realize that "ten dimes make one dollar." He was also too fond of Poor Richard's Almanac not to be a financier. After traveling over the West for some time, selling a combination ice cream freezer, he secured a school in Tahlequah, and soon accumulated enough money to go into business, where he rose so rapidly that in a few years he was the financial boss of that country. At present, with his great railroad interests and industrial schemes, he is the Pierpont Morgan of the West. Here, also, I found Tom Cely, the Chemist. Tom always exhibited an unusual fondness for chemical mixtures and laboratory work of all kinds, but when he undertook an extra year in this department under Professor Williamson, of a certainty we all knew that this was a phenomenal state of mind for a young man, and that some time in the future he would either be a scientist or a druggist. We were right. He is now Professor of Chemistry and Biology in a technological school recently erected for the benefit of the Indians and other savages of the West.

On my way back to the East I decided to take a few days off for a much needed rest, at Yellowstone Park. You can scarcely imagine how delighted I was to meet at this place my much prized friend, Coke Ariail. Coke always possessed many qualities of the bird, besides being able to imitate their every twitter. After trying a number of occupations, he at length decided to use his gift as a livelihood, and began to prepare himself for becoming a lecturer on wild animals and birds. It was on this mission that I found him at the park. Among other things, he informed me that he had received a request from Professor Gamewell to lecture in the Lyceum course, and had accepted. So on the first of March, nineteen hundred and twenty-four. Spartanburg may anticipate an intellectual feast on the subject of birds. Coke came with me as far as Atlanta, where he was scheduled for a lecture, and I learned later that he was to be introduced by the Hon. T. O. Lawton. You know that Tommie surprised us all in his Senior year. When he was an under-classman he did not get along so well, but it seems that he rose to meet the responsibility of the occasion when he put on Senior dignity, and there was a great fluctuation in the market; stocks and bonds immediately rose from fifty to one hundred per cent., everything sold above par. His college course was characterized by his bull

dog tenacity. He carried with him into the practice of law that same tenacious spirit, and by dint of much striving he became an ornament to the profession. Soon his value was recognized by his fellow-men, and he

now fills honorably a seat in Congress.

Being in need of some money, I went to the First National Bank of Atlanta to draw a check on McWhirter & Clark. Having gotten into a quibble with the Cashier, I was ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of his august majesty, the president of the bank, who proved to be Jerry Burnett. While in college Jerry thought more of ball than anything else, but he soon recovered from that fever, and is now as thorough

a banker as he ever was a ball player.

From Atlanta I went to Washington, and while viewing the edifices of my country's Capitol I met Lawrence Cannon, who is now Assistant Postmaster General. Lawrence rose rapidly in the Civil Service, and was soon promoted to a place of trust in Washington, where he soon gained such prestige as to merit the envied position which he now holds. He took a day off and carried me around to the magnificent residence of his cousin, the Hon. Simpson F. Cannon. Simp was always a sharp fellow, and either by fooling all the people some of the time, or some of the people all the time, he finally landed in the Senate at the last election.

Having finished my work in Washington, I set out for Columbia, accompanied by Simp and his family. He told me that politics were in such a precarious condition that his presence in the arena was absolutely required. We arrived at Columbia Saturday night, and went to the First Methodist Church the next morning, where we heard an eloquent and instructive sermon delivered by R. O. Lawton, who has been recently appointed to that charge. I think Bob will be made a Bishop as soon as a vacancy occurs. At least he is one of the many shining stars of the class of nineteen hundred and four. I learned from him that at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of Columbia Female College, Miss Chapman had been elected to fill a recent vacancy in the Faculty. As in college, so in life, Miss Chapman shows herself to be a thorough student.

As the Legislature was in session, I decided to go to the hall and listen to what the law makers of South Carolina were doing. You can hardly realize what a peculiarly pleasant sensation seized me when I discovered my friend and classmate, John McIntyre, presiding over that honorable body of men. It is rumored that he may be put on a ticket for a higher office in the near future. John fully intended to be a quiet, easy-going farmer, and was making quite a success in that direction. But listening to the flattery of his friends, he allowed himself to be lured into politics, where I hardly know what will become of him.

Not being able to do much business for the company in Columbia, I set out for Allendale, that beauti-

ful and historic town in lower South Carolina. I was welcomed at the depot by my old friend, Judge All. Judge has finally grown up into a good looking man. Although he was the baby of the class, we all knew him to be a man of sound bottom. And speaking of "sound bottom," makes one think of horses. Well, Judge is a great man for horses and keeps some of the finest. I had the pleasure while there of taking a ride behind that famous trotter which carried off the first prize at Brooklyn last summer. Judge is famous as a horse dealer. One afternoon Judge and I went out for a drive in the country. Having driven out some distance we were overtaken by a furious storm, and were forced to take refuge in a beautiful country dwelling by the wayside. We were taken in and treated to the best in the house by Mr. and Mrs. Bill Fair. Bill brought out his most choice jug of sparkling cider, and we passed a pleasant evening talking over old times. Next morning we returned to Allendale, and I found awaiting me there a letter from Punch Goodlet. After casually mentioning some of his latest deals, investments in railroad stocks, and something on the side about how good looking some lady thought he was, he said that he had been quite sick for some time as a result of overwork, and had been forced to retire from business. He has been for a month or two at his country home near Greenville, where he has been attended during his long illness by the famous Dr. Willie T. Jones. Willie has fully established his reputation as one among the first medical men of the South.

The next day I left Allendale for Spartanburg. Arriving at my destination I was taken suddenly with a violent toothache, and immediately set about in search of a dentist. The first sign board to attract my attention was: W. C. Herbert, Dentist, Up Stairs. I lost no time getting to his office. After he had eased my tooth by breaking out about half of my jawbone, fracturing my skull, and dislocating my neck. we sat down to enjoy a cigar and talk of our college days. We were suddenly interrupted by a new comer, who proved to be Chapman. On my asking him what was the trouble with his teeth, he said that he had just come in to pay for his new set, as he had lost a number of his original set in a fight with the Trustees of the Spartanburg Graded Schools, of which he has been Superintendent for some time. The next day I received a letter from McWhirter & Clark which stated, among other things, that P. W. Bethea had been lately accorded his proper place among the leading journalists of New York. While strolling up towards the Campus one morning I met Ed. Hardin. Of course we all thought that Ed. would some day be a famous preacher, but no one thought that he would occupy the position of Bishop in the Methodist Church so soon. I reached the campus in time for chapel, and was treated to a glowing description of the burning sands of the Sahara, and the wild animals of the jungles, by C. L. Smith, who had just returned from his mission in Africa, for a short vacation. It seems that he has been quite successful over there among the heathen. When he had finished I was very glad to shake hands with him, and also with Chalmers Daniel, who had been for a few years entitled to a seat upon the rostrum as Assistant Professor of Latin and Instructor in the Gymnasium.

In all my travels I could never account for my continued inability to find a trace of Miss Marie Tarbeaux. I went so far as to make special inquiry for her, and then I found that I would have to search for her by another name—Mrs. ————. It was the same old story. Her rare virtues and ladylike qualities were so much appreciated by the opposite sex, that she was eventually obliged to submit to the inevitable.

And this is all the four and twenty. They are now launched out upon life's unresting sea. Have I made too much of them? Let time be the judge. Watch them as they rise and fall, and rise again to struggle on. Watch them as they knock at the door of every profession and occupation. See them admitted, and finally watch them as they mount to the topmost round of the ladder of fame. Why not? This world is what we make it. The broad panorama of life spreads itself before us. Various colored scenes meet our gaze in every direction. Some lure us on, and some repel us; some are enticing, and others revolting. How shall we choose? Shall we choose that which seems the easiest, or that which yields the most gold? Let us choose that which uplifts humanity at large, and gives to us a life worth living.

Joe P. Lane.



#### CLASS POEM.

Dear comrades, would that I could tune my lyre To the music that throbs in my soul to-day, And with lips made pure with celestial fire Pour forth my soul in poetic lay. I would seize the music of the eternal stars If the heavenly muse would grant my desires; My soul would break its prison-bars And my spirit gain all to which it aspires.

I'll sing our foster-mother dear,
Who has trained us ever with loving hand,
And led us on from year to year,
Until we here before her stand,
Ready to leave her cloistered walls—
To enter upon life's surging tide,
Ready to leave her classic halls,
And steer our barques for the ocean wide.

I'd sing a song that would fill each mind
With aspirations beyond its ken—
That would make each life indeed sublime
And leave its impress on the hearts of men.
But the heavenly muse may not grant my prayer,
Nor will my harp, with quivering string,
Send forth its music upon the air
In unison with the song I would sing.

Fifty trooping years have passed
Since first her gushing fountain stream
Poured forth to those whose burning thirst
Longed to quaff the refreshing spring.
For fifty years her glorious star
Has flashed across our common land;
Its golden gleams still shine afar
From mountain crag to ocean strand.

But since I'm denied the power I seek,
Shall I thereby refuse to sing?
Or shall I yet to the mountain peak
Still dare to soar on trembling wing?
No, comrades, I'll sing as best I may,
And as best I may shall mark the time,
And I know you'll hear my message to-day,
Though my utterance be but a simple rhyme.

Her mission has been to guide our thought And quicken in us the sluggish stream, And every message from her was fraught With some new truth, some purer scheme, By which our lives might others bless And love pour forth its gushing tide In simple truth and righteousness— These greater things that e'er abide. The new times call for men of power, Men of strength, of faith, of deeds, Men to seize the present hour And find a balm for human needs. Men who choose the path they tread And walk therein with freedom's might, Nor yield one jot to cowering dread, But battle for the truth and right.

Many brave sons, who revere her name,
Has Wofford sent on the path of life,
Some have climbed the heights of fame
While others fell in the battle's strife.
And now we too must answer here
When the roll is called, and each one should
Enter the fight with hope and cheer,
Girded with the bond of brotherhood.

And now, dear comrades, we part to-day, And know not when we again shall meet; None can tell where may lead the way Before each other we again shall greet. Some on peaceful streams may glide, The way perfumed with flowers sweet, While others on the mountain-side May walk with bare and bleeding feet.

Though some may find a pleasant way, And mountains rough though others climb, We'll strive to make each passing day, Bring forth its meed of deeds sublime. And ever in the battle's strife, We'll strive to quit ourselves like men, Yielding our lives a sacrifice, Continue steadfast to the end.

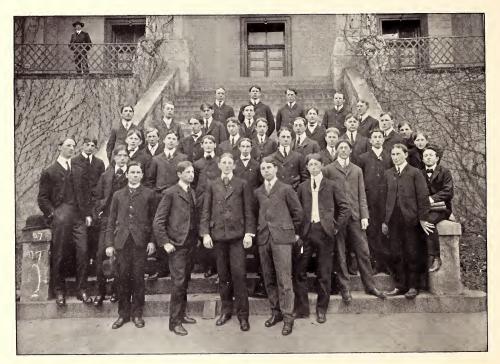
And when at last the waters vast Break on the shore—Eternity With joy our anchors we will cast Upon the strand beyond the sea. Then may we not in that far cline, Under the trees sweet converse hold, While cycles of revolving time Roll on, and still forever roll?

C. L. S.



# JUNIOR ROLL.

D. C. Anderson. C.	S. Manning.	
J. M. Ariail.	L. A. Manning.	
Albert D. Betts.	J. W. McCullough, Jr.	/
J. W. Boyd.	Morris K. Meadors. 📈	
M. W. Brabham.	Robert C. Oliver,	
E. Foster Brigham.	T. C. Reed.	
J. B. Cantey.	C. C. Robbins.	
W. B. Carns.	H. M. Robbins	1 7
W. C. Clevel	and. W. D. Robe	rts. ✓
V. Clevelar	nd, H. C. Rol	bertson, Jr. –
M. A. C	Connolly. J. A. R	oland.
Lewis	A. Duncan. W. H	I. Smith /v
E. 0	C. Dye. V J. C	G. Stabler.
J.	C. Epting.	facob P. Stockman.
	C. S. Felder.	F. P. Tatum.
	W. L. Glaze, Jr.	W. W. Taylor, Jr.
	J. H. Hamel. 🗸	Lewis P. Walker. <sup></sup> √
	James P. Kilgo. 🖈	C. P. Wofford.
W. B. Lancaster.		



JUNIOR CLASS.

# JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY.

N the fall of 1901 the majority of our class began the four-year journey towards the mile post where hangs the "sheep-skin." Some who started with us dropped out on account of ill health; some, because they were constitutionally opposed to work and the atmosphere of Wofford did not agree with them.

Others joined us, and now we stand thirty-seven strong. Many of us knew little of what hard work meant when we entered as Freshmen. But after we had gazed for a few times into the stern faces of the professors, whose very countenances indicated *work*, we began to realize that "there is no royal road to learning."

When we had passed the first mile stone in our college course, we felt that we were "It." We were about as wise as the average "Sophomore." In fact, some of our heads got so big, and had so little in them, that there was some danger of a collapse.

By the time we reached the second mile stone we began to "know that we didn't know." Of course, in this frame of mind, we were prepared to learn. While this year has been one of hard work, yet our class as a whole, I believe, has enjoyed it.

In athletics the Junior Class has stood second to none. Our class foot ball team won the championship last season. We have, also, furnished some of the best players of the base ball team.

As a class we have stood for the best things on the campus. I believe no more loyal hearts have ever gone out from the hallowed walls of old Wofford than shall go out in nineteen hundred and five.

To mark our presence at Wofford, on her fiftieth anniversary, we have erected about the center of the campus a flag-staff from which shall float our nation's flag. We desire to be loyal, not only to our Alma Mater, but to our country.

We are proud of the fact that ours will be the first class to graduate in the second half century of Wofford's history. We shall strive to set a worthy standard.

May we all return next session, and assume the high estate of "Seniors."

W. D. Roberts, Historian.



## SOPHOMORE ROLL.

F. H. Adden. J. S. Josey. Huger Richardson. J. C. Anderson. R. E. Leonard. A. E. Rogers. Paul Brown. J. R. Lyles. R. H. Rogers. John C. Candler. H. A. Macaulay. S. J. Rogers. E. R. Mason. E. L. Sanderson. A. E. Cannon. J. W. McCalla. R. A. Shores. James Albert Carlisle. W. W. Carson. F. A. McLeod. J. O. Skinner, Jr. Otis M. Mitchell. Louis H. Smith. D. P. Coffin. B. F. Crouch. Frank B. Moore. W. C. Stallworth. S. B. Moore. H. C. Stanton. J. W. Cunningham. I. F. Still, Jr. John H. Montgomery. B. M. Dukes. Edward Morris. L. H. Tolleson. C. B. Galloway. George W. Nicholls, Jr. John C. Townsend. J. Doran Garlington. James B. Guess, Jr. Wilmot B. Ouzts. J. B. Usher. J. K. Patrick. T. M. Wannamaker. J. C. Guilds, Jr. Henry F. Watson. L. A. Hartzog. M. B. Pierce. John D. Holler. N. E. Priester. Roy Webster. M. T. Wharton. F. I. Jones. S. W. Puckett. M. L. Reynolds. W. S. Zimmerman, Matt Jones.



SOPHOMORE CLASS.

### HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS.

OOKING back over the time since September, 1902, it seems only a short while since a large "drove of Freshmen" first saw the sun rise in Spartanburg. And to say it was with a sad heart is only putting it mildly, for nine-tenths of us would have gladly given the last cent we possessed for one more glimpse of mother. Of course this privilege was denied us, but we would at least have felt more comfortable if we could only have seen "Pa's yaller dog" for a few minutes.

We at once saw the necessity of organizing our class. A meeting was called, and the following men were elected as officers: Ed. Morris, President, J. R. Lyles, Vice-President, and W. C. Jennings, Secretary

and Treasurer.

"Our Class Boat" launched out on the tempestubus sea of college life with seventy-five undisciplined, but willing men at the different posts of duty. Although defeat seemed to stare us in the face on every side, by the good nursing of the professors, constant application, and ever heeding the battle cry of "Onward,"

we have landed the best equipped crew that has ever anchored at the "Isle of Soph."

The "Boll Weevil" and the "Potato Bugs" were the cause of a great many of our class not returning last fall, to claim the laurels they helped to win. But we that returned realized that there was work to be done and grave problems to be solved, so immediately called the class roll (total number fifty-eight) and as our officers: Huger Richardson, President, J. R. Lyles, Vice-President, and M. B. Pierce, Secretary and Treasurer. No time to lose, we were soon ready to start out on another successful voyage, this time through the "Sophomore Straits." As usual, we "Sophs" were laden with the best fruits of "Knowledge and Wisdom," but it was not long until we had to change our cargo a little. So at every coaling station we gave a part of our cargo to the Freshmen (which was soon to be theirs by inheritance) and we, loaded up with "common sense," a commodity which has not only served us well during the remainder of our journey, but has prepared us that we might be more capable to meet the test of the Junior year, "The Year of Obscurity."

We were glad to welcome in our midst several valuable additions to the "Class of 1906." John C.

Candler, L. A. Hartzog, Otis M. Mitchell, R. E. Leonard, and John D. Holler.

For various reasons, "best known to themselves," some have left us with the "bag to hold," and in-

stead of going to school, we hope they are doing the next best thing.

The happiest time in a Sophomore's life is when he is first allowed to speak in public. Any reasonable man listening to our speakers on the occasion of the Sophomore Exhibition: J. C. Guilds, J. R. Lyles,

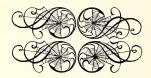
Otis M. Mitchell, George W. Nicholls, J. C. Townsend and M. T. Wharton, could conscientiously say that the Sophomore Class has at least one Webster.

It is a fact that our class has gotten more than her share of honors, but it was not because we were especially greedy along that line; they just came within our reach, and we, for self-respect, were compelled to accept them. It was real amusing to see how John Candler knocked Juniors and Seniors east and west for second place on the Oratorical Contest. O! how "That Junior" beat the air, all for the "Want of a Man."

The reason that we have the best all-round class in college, is because we had men to start with, not here because "Dad sent us," but here with a definite purpose in view, and every stroke has been in that direction.

Looking back over the pleasant voyage we have had, seeing "Our Old Boat" reeled and rocked to get over the "Examination Shoals," sometimes losing a part of its rigging and a few "second class passengers," we, feeling stronger as a result of the hardships through which we have passed, are still pressing "Onward," waving a spotless banner, and singing "Veni, vidi, vici."

John D. Holler.





## FRESHMAN ROLL

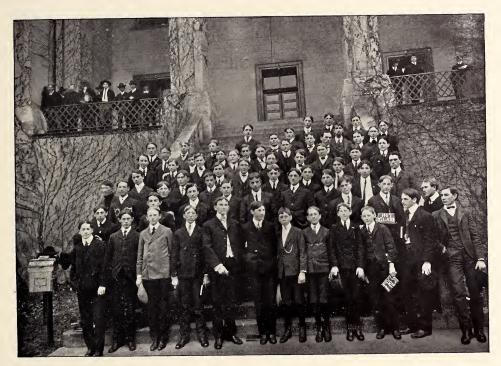
Colors—Red and White.
Yell:—
Rah, rah, zit! We are it!
We are the base ball team!
We are the eleven!
We're the boys of nineteen-seven.

Sam L. Allen.
C. C. Berry.
C. S. Bethea.
Joseph M. Blair.
J. G. Boozer.
T. A. Bradley.
O. G. Calhoun.
Adam Carlisle.
R. P. Carson.
C. L. Carver.
J. B. Cash.
J. I. Coleman.
W. B. Compton.
H. K. Covington. T. C. Covington.
T. C. Covington.
H. D. Creighton.
P. E. Dukes.
T. E. Dukes.
C. R. DuRant.

W. S. Floyd.
C. R. Fooshe.
Miller C. Foster.
W. D. Frierson.
E. M. Fripp.
R. T. Gee.
W. W. Hames.
H. P. Hammett.
James T. Harris.
H. H. Hilton.
D. E. Holcombe.
S. N. Holland.
R. E. Holroyd.
O. D. Hood.
W. L. Isom.
John C. Jennings.
J. C. Jordan.
D. E. Knight.
J. B. Koon.

J. M. Latimer.
J. E. Lawson.
A. T. Ligon. F. N. Littlejohn.
F. N. Littlejohn.
I. B. Magness.
C. L. McFadden.
D. McIntyre.
W. A. McKelvey.
W. B. McKelvey.
C. Muldrow.
E. B. Nash.
A. R. Nicholson.
W. V. Parrott.
W. H. Polk.
Sam L. Prince.
A. J. Query.
J. D. Rollings.
C. N. Sapp.
J. Leslie Shockley.

B. F. Shockley, Jr. Joe Sparks. R. N. Spigner. John D. Sullivan. Paul K. Switzer. S. W. Taylor. H. S. Toney. R. H. Tolleson. I. E. Traxler. J. F. Turbeville. A. R. Walden. I. C. Watson. M. B. Watson, W. E. White. F. L. Wienges. R. B. Willis. J. I. Wilson. A. J. Woodley. H. C. Woodley.



FRESHMAN CLASS.

# FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

AST September parting scenes were enacted in many homes in this and other Southern States.

Boys who had never left home before for any length of time, came to college. We felt strangely out of place as we stepped off the train amid a crowd of yelling boys who were welcoming their old comrades back with shouts and cheers. Some of us came in company with old students, and they established us in our new quarters. Others of us were taken care of by committeemen.

On Wednesday morning we all assembled in the chapel, where the opening exercises were held. A list of books was read out for us to get, and lessons were assigned. During the day some of us had to stand the entrance examinations, while others had certificates from various preparatory schools. In the evening at 8 o'clock the Y. M. C. A. gave us a reception in the chapel. All the different phases of college life—athletics, glee club, literary societies, Young Men's Christian Association, and especially the MESS HALL—were brought before us. A representative from each class welcomed us in a few kind words, and in turn one of our number made a response. Dr. Carlisle also gave us advice and encouragement.

All this made us feel much more at home, but still that first week was a long, long one. It was one of examinations, homesickness, making new acquaintances, and settling down to work, getting our schedule right, and of being greeted with "F-r-r-e-e-s-s-h" everywhere we went. But we soon were organized and as much of a class as any in college. We called a meeting, and elected Ray DuRant, President; C. L. Mc-Fadden, Vice-President; and Summers W. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer.

There is no doubt that our first attempts at society work were very anusing to the upper classmen, but they were very embarrassing to us. But now we have gotten used to it, and can perform duty as well as some of our Sophomore friends.

The Christmas examinations were gone through with, and we spent the holidays with "The Old Folks at Home." Those were two weeks of pleasure and freedom. There were no lessons to prepare, noth-

ing to do but have a good time. We saw all of our old friends, who seemed glad to see us, and we also saw—perhaps we did a little more than see—our sweethearts who, we know, were glad to see us.

We came back, the March examinations have been passed, and now we have almost finished our Freshman year. It seems a long while until the time when we shall be Seniors, but it will only be three short years before we shall have ended our career at college. We would like to know how it feels to be nearly through college. Sometimes we look at a Senior and wonder. He seems to be an animal of peculiar habits: he looks solemn and wise, always he appears to be thinking of some deep question, or solving some tangled problem, and all his thoughts seem to be serious and profound, that is in most cases, but the thoughts of some are quite fathomable.

We are the largest class in college, and taking all things into consideration, we play an important part in all college affairs. In athletics we have taken an especially prominent place. We were represented on the football team and the gymnasium team. We furnished the base ball team with a battery. As to scholarship, well, we will refer you to the Professors, but we think we are up to the usual standard. And as to good looks, why we are just simply ahead.

When we started out last September, we unfurled an unstained banner. Perhaps already some of us have made mistakes and soiled its white folds; but we hope that when we put it away in 1907, that it will be by an honored and victorious band. Let us come back next year determined to succeed, and we will.

May the record of the Class of 1907 be the brightest, cleanest and best of any in the history of Wofford College.

R. N. Spigner.



ARCHER HALL. FITTING SCHOOL.

BOTH BUILDINGS OCCUPIED BY FITTING SCHOOL STUDENTS.

# HISTORICAL SKETCH OF WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL.

REPARATORY work has always been necessary at Wofford College, and there has always been a preparatory department. It has been called by different names, such as: Preparatory Department, Introductory Class, etc., but the work has been the same. At first it furnished a place for those boys who came to college unprepared for the work, and gave the boys of Spartanburg a better preparation for college than they could get in the schools of the city, as the course offered led directly to the college classes. Since that time its sphere of usefulness has widened, and it has other reasons for being than the one named above. Now, many boys who have no intention of entering college, take up the work of the preparatory department. They wish to have one or two years of thorough training, and to lay a foundation upon which they may build in after life, although denied the guiding hand of a teacher.

Then, there are boys who expect to go to college, and who could be fairly well prepared in the home school; but they want to begin the college life with something better than the ordinary training. It is not simply to enter college, but to enter with some degree of advantage

So the place of the preparatory department has been changed. From being a mere appendage to the college, looking to it for a reason for living, it has come to stand more and more by itself, and is doing a work more distinctively its own. The opportunity to do this was offered in 1887, when it became an institution somewhat separate from the college. In an article in the Southern Christian Advocate for August 27, 1891, Rev. A. Coke Smith (now Bishop Smith) tells of this separation, and of the change from the Preparatory Department to the Fitting School, as it is to-day. He says that in the winter of 1886-7, while he was the financial agent of Wofford College, the thought came to him that the property of the old Spartanburg Female College would be the very thing for the Fitting School. The place was offered for \$9,000.00.

At Bamberg, S. C., he brought the matter before the District Conference. It was decided to form a joint stock company, but this plan was afterward changed, and the property was bought by the church.

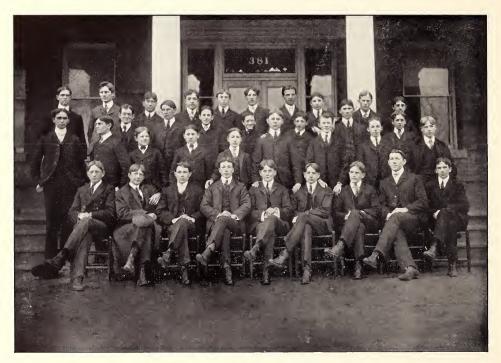
Bonds were issued and sold, the school furniture was purchased, and everything was in order for the opening on October 1, 1887. Professor A. G. Rembert was elected Head Master. The enrollment for the first year was sixty-one. This was an increase of twenty-five over the previous year. In 1895 the school property was sold, and the school moved again to the College Campus.

The Alumni Hall (now the Archer Hall) was used both as a dormitory and a school building. In June, 1897, Professor A. G. Rembert, who had been elected to the Chair of Greek in Wofford College, resigned, and Mr. A. Mason DuPre was elected Head Master. In January, 1901, the school building was destroyed by fire. By November of the same year a new building had been erected near the old one, and the old building repaired. The new building is the first home the school has had built for it.

It is not necessary here to speak of the character of the work done in the Fitting School. As to numbers, the school has grown from sixty-one, for the first year, to one hundred and thirty-eight for this year (1903-4.) In sixteen years the Fitting School has sent more than two hundred and fifty boys to Wofford College. It is interesting to notice the increase in numbers at the College after the Fitting School in its present connection (that is, separate from the College) was established. In four years the enrollment went from seventy-two to one hundred and thirty-six, and since that time there has been a corresponding increase.

Evidently the Fitting School has had something to do with this increase. The present year has been the best in its history, and everything seems to point to a more prosperous year next year than this.





SENIOR CLASS (FITTING SCHOOL.)

# WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL.

#### SENIOR CLASS.

Abercrombie R.	Cockfield R.	Johnson C.	Rigby S.		
Baker C.	Coffin G.	Johnson R.	Rudisail C.		
Bickley C.	Cox H.	Keaton L.	Rushton C.		
Bomar B.	Duncan W.	Layton J.	Shippey W.		
Boulware W.	DuPre J.	Loyal J.	Simpson McG.		
Brown A.	Elkins —	Mann C.	Skinner F.		
Burnett C.	Groce H.	Munnerlyn H.	Smith C.		
Burnett M.	Halford C.	Nesbitt, J.	Thomason F.		
Calvert C.	Harley E.	Monroe W. M.	Vogel H.		
Carroll C.	Heldman G.	Patterson L.	Wheat H.		
Carter L.	Irwin P.	Reed H.	Whiteside J. W.		
W. I.D.					

Wood D.



INTERMEDIATE CLASS (FITTING SCHOOL.)

# WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL.

#### INTERMEDIATE CLASS.

Allen E.	Dawsey C.	Huggin D.	Powell W.
Aman H.	DesChamps G.	Lachicotte G. E.	Query N.
Amos J.	Dreyer H.	Ligon A.	Reynolds J.
Anderson J.	DuPre W.	Martin W.	Richardson T.
Belue T.	DuPre W. S.	McCarty C. P.	Rogers A.
Blanks A.	Easterling G.	McDonald E. B.	Scott L.
Boyd G.	Ezell B.	McLeod C.	Skinner C.
Brazeal E.	Few V.	Monroe S. W.	Stabler E. P.
Brown J.	Finch P.	Moore D.	Tinsley A.
Buck W.	Fulton D.	Morgan C.	Trimmier J.
Chapman G.	Gaddy W. M.	Munnerlyn J.	Truesdale S. C.
Cleveland B.	Grier J.	Munnerlyn O.	Waldrop J.
Cleveland B. F.	Griffin F. M.	O'Shields J.	West C.
Cleveland C.	Haskins J.	O'Shields O.	Wilkins P.
Cochran J.	Hearon W.	Penland N.	Worsham G.
Corley S.	Herring O.	Picket H.	Wyatt R. F.
Correll H.	Hill J.	Pitman J. W.	



JUNIOR CLASS (FITTING SCHOOL)

# WOFFORD COLLEGE FITTING SCHOOL.

### JUNIOR CLASS.

Aldrich, A.	Crocker H.	Hall L.	Neal B.
Averill K.	Dillard J.	Hutson T.	Parris L.
Bruorton A.	Dillard S.	Kilgo B.	Shell V.
Burnett J.	Dorrill H.	King D.	Shockley C.
Carlisle M.	Elkins M. B.	Lokey C.	Smith H.
Carson R.	Elkins N. R.	Lokey G.	Snyder M.
	Turner O.	Watson I. E.	

# LITERARY DEPARTMENT.



#### TWO SENIORS OF ELSMORE.

PROFESSOR GARNER sat by his study fire with an open book before him, but he seemed to find its pages no longer interesting, for his gaze was fixed on the glowing coals, and a shadow rested on his kindly brow. His daughter sat near, deeply absorbed in a magazine, but hearing a smothered sigh she arose, and, gently placing her arm around her father, brushed away the frown from his brow. The tired man rewarded this silent ministration of love by drawing his daughter close to his bosom.

"You are such a comfort, Lucia," he said.

"Thank you, papa, but what worries you to-night?"

"Nothing that you or I can help, darling. I was just thinking of young Merrill. I am sure he has gifts that would make him famous, if he would only apply himself."

Professor Garner had occupied the Chair of English at Elsmore College for twenty years, and had, during all that time, been untiring in the study of his pupils, seeking continually for some spark of genius which he might encourage, if, haply, it should be fanned into a flame that would shine bright and clear among American authors. His great ambition was to teach some one who would give utterance to the truth in such beauty and power that humarity would catch the glow and be warmed into a life that breathes and burns with highest aspirations.

He felt that in Clifton Merrill there was something of this divine fire, and he tried to stimulate his ambition, but all to no effect. At times he felt that his words had struck home, for once, as a result of a private interview, Clifton submitted to a monthly publication a story which received much favorable comment. But he seemed to have expended his enthusias n with this one effort, for nothing else followed.

"Have you told him of your faith in his ability, father?"

"Yes, more than once, but he seems to take life easy. I fear he will never amount to much. If his college life and the examples of worthy ambition among his fellow-students have failed to stir his nobler

faculties, there is little hope of his ever making a creditable use of his talents. One may be able to drift along with the college current and finally take a diploma, but when he pushes out into active life there is no time to drift. Such a course means shipwreck of all opportunities."

Lucia looked into the glowing coals for several moments, then, turning her thoughtful face, kissed her father good-night and left the study. Again the shadow crossed his brows, for never before had he seen his daughter so serious, and he thought he detected an unusual warmth in the burning kiss she placed upon his forehead.

The next morning when the professor came down to breakfast, he found Lucia awaiting him with her accustomed smile.

"See," she said, "how rich the japonicas are," at the same time fastening a spray in his button-hole.

"Oh, so beautiful!" he exclaimed, but Lucia did not notice that he saw only the vision of her own loveliness, which reminded him so much of her angel mother.

After a little pleasant conversation the breakfast was continued in silence, each wondering if the other were not thinking of the subject which had engaged their attention the evening before. Lucia finally broke the silence by asking if she might not give a reception to the Senior Class. "It is only two months till commencement," she said, "and then we will part—some of us perhaps forever."

With a forced smile her father replied: "Certainly, darling, do as you wish."

And so it was arranged to have it the following week.

The afternoon before the party, Clifton, with rod and tackle, strolled down to the river, and secreting himself among the alder bushes, prepared to spend an hour in his favorite sport. But after watching his cork float idly on the water for some time, he yielded to the dreamy spring atmosphere, and was soon lost in reverie. His meditations were interrupted by the sound of approaching voices, but being entirely concealed he did not change his position. As the voices grew more distinct he recognized Lucia's, and also discovered that he was the subject of conversation.

"It is too bad that he is utterly void of ambition," she was saying. "Papa has the utmost faith in his literary talent, but thinks that his lack of energy and drifting habits will cause him to make shipwreck of his

opportunities. His friends are thoroughly disgusted with his lack of ambition, but I can't believe that he will persist in his present course. I feel that he will yet prove an honor to himself and his friends."

Clifton, with burning cheeks, listened to the estimate that others placed upon him. "It was not my intention to play the role of eavesdropper," he said to himself, "but the old saying that those who do, never hear good of themselves, proves true, nevertheless."

The iron entered his soul and he felt it all the more keenly because it was so well deserved. After the first bitter moment was passed, he raised himself and glanced through an opening at the girls as they disappeared among the trees; recalling as he did so Lucia's last words:

"I can't believe that he will persist in his present course—he will yet prove an honor to himself and his friends."

The words were a balm to his mortified spirit, and taking out his note book he wrote: "Oh, woman, great is thy faith, but it shall not be in vain."

Every one at the party missed Clifton's jovial presence and wondered that he was not there. After the guests departed Lucia retired to her room, but not to rest. Could she have seen Clifton bending over his desk as he shoved his pen over page after page, she would not have been so much disturbed. The clock struck one—two—three, and still he continued to write with unabated zeal. Just as the first gray streaks of morning light began to tint the east, he laid down his pen. Picking up the loose manuscript, he went over each page carefully, making a correction here, and another there, until all was satisfactory.

On the morning of the last day of commencement Professor Garner picked up his paper and read the following headlines:

"ELSMORE STUDENT WINS FIRST PRIZE—\$200 AWARDED MR. MERRILL BY SOUTHERN MAGAZINE FOR BEST SHORT STORY."

He made no effort to conceal his delight and, after reading the announcement aloud, was too much interested to notice Lucia's hasty exit from the room. Ever since the reception, though Clifton had been uniformly courteous to her, she felt that their friendship was not what it had been, and now that he was so

soon to go away, she wondered if it would end altogether. She longed to tell him how proud she was of his success, and the opportunity soon came for he called that very night. To her enthusiastic expressions concerning the story, Clifton replied: "The credit is all yours," and at the same time he handed her a slip of paper on which were written the words he had overheard by the river. She flushed crimson, but he immediately continued:

"Don't worry, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. If it had not been for those words, I would never have written that story, nor the longer one, which the 'Century' has accepted."

Lucia had now recovered her self-possession, and spoke in her usual easy manner.

"Have you indeed written one for the 'Century?' Then I am so rejoiced that I saw you by the river."

As the truth flashed upon him, he exclaimed: "Tell me then, was it not an accident? Did you intend that I should overhear?"

"Yes," she replied, "I trust you will pardon me, but it was done with malice aforethought. Knowing what you could do, I could not bear to see you waste your powers, and I feel abundantly repaid for my trouble,"

"Lucia, Lucia," he exclaimed, "how much do I not owe to you! It is your silent influence that has kept me from from falling many times, and now it is you who have revealed me to myself and inspired me to make an honest effort. I could always do my best if you were near; I love you; can you trust your life in my keeping? I know I am unworthy of you, but for the past two morths I have been a different man."

She raised her head and gazed as if seeking an answer in the starlit skies, whose depth of blue seemed not more unfathomable than the light reflected in her own eyes, then, looking him full in the face, she said: "I can trust you."

Wofford College Journal.

#### LINES COMPOSED UNDER BENJAMIN WOFFORD'S PORTRAIT.

Come you with me into this sacred hall,

Come with uncovered head and downcast face,
Such memories that cluster round this wall

Make the proud relic temple of a race.

Leave at the door all petty strife and care,

Shut out the high strung thoughtless throng,

No impious breath should breathe its foulness here,

Where sits the mighty and where dwells the strong.

We stand beneath a portrait's time-worn frame,
Old-fashioned, framed by unskilled hand,
The strong-willed face of him we speak, whose name
Descends an inspiration on his native land.

There hangs his likeness as the years speed by,
Years filled with strife and hard with toil,
Which strew with wrecks the lone shore of eternity,
Yet no more touch his soul, with all their soil.

From this still spot there is a higher view of life,

Here is the presence of a helpfulness unknown

To men whose hearts are seared and rife

With bitter thoughts of noble deeds undone.

Here is the presence of a deed so vast,

Weighed in the scales of human enterprise,

That our uncertain present and our past

Awaits the future's opening of men's eyes.

Once as he walked earth's dull and common way,
Hard-toiling, struggling friend of man,
A voice spake to him; in unearthly day
He saw a vision; formed a wondrous plan.

Men heard; Too great, said they, oh thought sublime.

Oh sacrificer, strong brave Kingly soul,

What thou hast done is no affair of time

Save to make larger as the years swift roll.

Oh pilgrim of life's self-denying way,

How we rejoice that it to us was given

To live within the shadow of thy life to-day.

And gain the fruits of impulse born in heaven.

Thy daily message to thy sons is this,

Go forth, be manly, I didst live that thou

Mightst know the way from wretchedness to bliss

And bless the world; fail not my yearnings now.

Wofford College Journal.

#### THE SECOND LIFE OF AN OLD VETERAN.

T was on the morning of Wednesday, the 9th, and every one knew that the day would be an eventful one on the Cotton Exchange. The street below began to show signs of life almost before the city was aroused from its slumber, and long before the gong sounded the officers and official apartments of the immense building began to teem with activity. Early in the day an eager crowd began to gather. Some were carried up to the visitors' gallery, while others dispersed to various parts of the building, and some into the exchange itself. The cars now were crowded with all types of humanity—the sallow-faced man with careless apparel who read the morning paper as he rode, and who showed beyond doubt that he was one of the powers of the exchange. There was the old broken-down speculator of days that were past, with sunken face and expressionless eyes. There was the visitor who showed much less anxiety than the other inmates of the car, and, who by his calmness and apparent indifference, proved that he was merely a spectator, and not a participant. There were many other types, some from the lower elements of society, but they do not concern the doings of the market.

This crowd swept on in an unceasing stream. Every one was wondering whether the great bull, Samuel J. Bully, could culminate his desires and schemes, and run cotton up to 20 cents. On the day previous it had jumped to 18.15, but in the closing hours it had broke to a few points over 17 cents. The bears on this day were to make a gigantic effort, a last attempt, to break the price. The bulls were well supported, and every

one knew that when these forces came together in conflict, there would be a mighty clash.

Jack Cranston, as he stood behind the desk of the big bull, receiving his orders for the day, revealed in his every movement the spirit of fight. He was a young man of about twenty-four summers, of the unmistakable Southern type, with dark hair, and the fine gray eye of a long and distinguished ancestry. He was a clerk of Bully's, quick and reliable, and Bully had remarked privately that, if the market should go to pieces, he would rather trust Cranston's judgment than that of any man on the force.

As he was leaving Bully said to him: "I am relying on you for your best work to-day. Old Sear's keg is already on tap, but I believe we can knock it to pieces. Win, and I am the wealthiest man in the State.

Lose, and I am a bankrupt. I will crush the life out of the devils who want to kill 20 cent cotton."

"Col," replied Cranston, "I am in the game for all it is worth. There will be a big fight, and some-body will get hurt."

When Cranston received the orders for the day, he went into the exchange, where the tension now was

at its highest.

Just as this moment old Sears, the leading bear entered the arena with blood in his eye. He was a striking figure, as his two hundred pounds loomed into sight, topped by a bald head and a receding forehead. His small, dark eyes shifted restlessly as he advanced. His ruffled shirt, carelessly-tied cravat, half-smoked cigar, and signs of nervousness easily detected on his face, all showed beyond a doubt that he was one of the fighters, either on the side of the Bulls, or of the Bears.

In the gallery and the crowded elevators all sorts of opinions were being expressed. "The Sears-Richardson clique," said one inmate of the gallery to another, "will down the bull and pull cotton out of the skies to its normal state." "They will never do it," was the reply. "Bully is smooth, and he has a great head on him. He knows what he is doing, and cotton will stay at 17, or go higher. When Bully says a thing, it usually

goes."

This conversation was interrupted by the sounding of the gong—the signal gun for the combat of the gladiators, the fierce onrush of unknown and uncounted forces. The fight was on. The price of cotton hung in the balance. And at that moment the ticking of the telegraph instrument was heard througout the wide country, and millions of dollars hung on the turning of the wheel of fortune. The roaring of the maelstrom had begun, the hissing, swaying, tunultuous clash of human selfshness. A battle of artillery and musketry could hardly have caused more confusion and consternation than occurred on the floor of the exchange on that

memorable date. Jack Cranston was everywhere in the fight, cool and determined.

Thirty minutes after the sounding of the gong, the telegraph instruments flashed the news over the wires that cotton had advanced to 18.50, and was still going up. A few minutes later 19, and after an hour or so 19.50 had been reached. 20 cent cotton was almost a reality. For a short time the market was firm. Just as there were wild predictions being made in the galleries, there was a mighty shout on the floor, and the hat of old Sears, who was now in his shirt sleeves and collarless, was seen to ascend high in the air. There was a mighty rush, loud shouts and cries, hats in the air, men jumping frantically up and down, and beating each other with their fists. The instruments formed the figure 17.70. There had been a break, and a big one. Excitement was at its highest pitch, and pandemonium broke loose. Down, Down, went cotton, further and still further. 17.70 down to 17, and in a short time to point near 16 cents. The break was irresistible and complete.

"Cranston," said his fellow-clerk, in a faltering voice, "what shall we do, we have no orders? They are blowing us." At this point a messenger boy dashed up and handed Cranston a note. Tearing it open,

he read: "Am ruined. For God's sake make one more effort. You are now in charge. S. J. B."

At about the same time Mitchell Cranston—Jack's father—had strolled down near the exchange. The old fellow had been a Hercules on the exchange in his time; he had manipulated cotton prices, and controlled the market as though it were child's play. Finally, the great crash of 189— had carried him under, and his mind had been unhinged ever since. He was childish, but still with a spark of the old fire. He could not be persuaded to come into the exchange again, even as a spectator, and had been living on the bounty of his son. According to some unknown dispensation of Providence, he roamed aimlessly, perhaps unconsciously, near the exchange. He was sufficiently near the exchange to catch a faint murmur of the roar and confusion. As though drawn by some unknown fate, he approached nearer and nearer, and the sound became louder and more distinct. It seemed to recall to him old scenes and former states of mind, and a great change came over the old man.

Jack Cranston, now the agent for the big bull himself, was powerless to stem the tide. Before long 15 cents was reached. At this point there was a commotion at one of the side entrances, and an old man, with unsteady gait, pallid cheeks, sunken eyes, and hair long ago gray, pushed aside the crowd. Rushing up to Jack Cranston, he yelled to him in a voice heard above the din: "My son, give me the figures, and we will win. The old Gods die, but never surrender."

Cranston, dumfounded, almost terrified, shrank back in sheer amazement. But such a time and such a place are not calculated to make a man stop long either in thought or in action. The younger man excitedly told his father of the state of affairs, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. He told him of the necessity for action.

The reply was prompt.

"I have not known cotton for thirty years for nothing. I know this place as well as any living man, and before I am through with them, they will know me too. Jack, buy, buy, buy, at 15, and keep on buying. That's right, rake it in." Now his voice in stentorian tone could be heard through the crowd, and the visitors in the gallery with bated breath were on their feet. The force of Samuel J. Bully was now buying in large quantities at 15 and 16 cents. The other firms eagerly let it go, for they believed that the greatest margin of profit had been gained. But an old veteran was at the game, who used to play it for pure sport, and who was now playing it by instinct. When the day was over the great bulk of the cotton was in the possession of the mighty Bully, and he believed that at last his dream of 20 cent cotton would be realized.

While there was shouting, hustling and jolting on the floor, and the elevators and passageways were

filled by the exodus of the immense throng, there was another scene being enacted in another quarter. The Cranstons, when they had separated themselves from the crowd, got in a cab and drove rapidly home. The old man spoke not a word until he had reached the house, and had seated himself in his old arm chair. Jack, fa-

tigued, worn out, his mind none too steady, sank into a chair.

"Jack," said his father, "that was a great fight, and we deserve the victory. I hardly realize what I have done—what has happened. When I walked near the exchange this morning, I heard the same old din. It brought back to me the old days—not only the years I was on the exchange, but the old days of my youth in dear old Carolina, among the red hills and the tall pines. A vision of verdant fields, and the lovely springtime under the warm sun, came back to me, and I saw the whole panorama of my life. My mind was dark and cloudy before then, now it is as clear as the blue skies. I saw your mother and thought of how, when on her dying bed, she begged me to give up this awful pursuit, and take up an honorable profession. How I regret that disobedience. My mind is clear, now, Jack. This money we have made must be given away. If it is possible, it must be given to the poor devils who fell under the mighty blow. I prefer now a life of poverty and honor to one of wealth and dishonor. I am old, but not too old to do some work to make an honorable living. And you must find another occupation. I know you will make a fortune in a few years."

And thus the old man was born again.

C. P. W.—'05.



## A LEAP YEAR FLIRTATION.

Jack and me both loved, you see,
In Leap Year ('twas in the fall)
A little girl, of all the world
The sweetest of them all.

Jack would love like a dove
Sweet and low, but warm,
While I pretended to be splendid
In a corporal's uniform.

Now we both considered ourselves embittered Early in the noon, For we both were very loathe To give up little June.

You may easily see that Jack and me Both wished to have her troth, So a word or two was certainly due "By, from, and between us both."

When the day was over, an eager lover
I rushed to her side
Jack was there very near
To the chair of my future bride.

That is to say, in a careless way,

I saw Jack's arm around her,

With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you)

Quite ready to kiss Jack found her.

She raised her head and the name she said,
'Twas most certainly my own,
And ere I could speak (I am quite meek)
Jack found himself alone.

For June she came, (she's not so tame)
She kissed me also,
And I embraced her litle waist,
I dearly love to do so.

That night I knew there were two— June and me—'twas clear That she'd flirted with my foe 'Cause she knew 'twas Leap Year.

M. W. Brabham.

#### OUTWITTING THE YANKS.

By Power W. Bethea.

T was during the last days of the Civil War. We were in the thick and gruesome swamps of Catfish—about three miles west of where the little village of Latta now stands—keeping guard upon some cotton which my father had concealed in a bit of for away arable land, popularly known as the "Island Tract," to keep it secure from the Yankees. Save the island alone, which was a circular opening of some eight or ten acres, the entire forest consisted of tall, slender pines, interspersed here and there with a few black-jacks, and some maples and sweet-gums. Besides the most prominent trees, the underbrush and grape vines twined about the oaks and maples with a network which made it almost impenetrable, except on foot. For years, and perhaps centuries, the fallen leaves and straw furnished a carpet for the ground which had accumulated to almost a foot in depth.

It was a thrilling experience for one to be alone in this forest in the broad daylight, to say nothing of the night. There were spots in its deep recesses that light and sunshine never entered. In the day could be heard the occasional tap of a wood-pecker, and the harsh rubbing of two sturdy oaks together, as if some huge giant was grinding his teeth. When these were noticed, the listener became conscious of a sound, no matter how often heard, sent the blood tingling through his body, and an awestruck feeling to his soul. It was the voice of the forest itself. At night could be heard the sharp snarling of wolves, the barking of foxes, and the frequent mews of wildcats. The screech-owl, too, with his shrieking cries, added to the awful monotony.

To one who was accustomed to frequent those parts, these sounds did not seem altogether foreign. We felt quite safe, but to feel safer we kept watch turn about, not so much to keep abeyance the wolves and wildcats, as to keep the Yankee scouts from surprising us with the capture of our person and of the cotton.

A little while after dark one evening, George awoke me. When I opened my eyes his hands were over

my mouth. I could not speak, but raised my eyebrows interrogatively. He bent down close to my ears, and whispered so cautiously and intensely, that the words sounded like a hiss.

"Do you hear 'em?"

I raised up, and turned my ears this way and that. After I had repeated the experiment twice or thrice, I shook my head, but with upraised hand, and finger extended, he pointed eastward. Then I heard and understood.

"Yanks," I whispered, "some negro has betrayed us."

I had caught the sound as quickly as he—the sound as of a cyclone tearing its way through the mass of tangled forest.

"Coming this way," he whispered. I nodded, and said lowly: "Not less than a whole cavalcade to make that noise. They are no less than a hundred yards away, and making excellent progress."

Swiftly we stole to the northern side of the Island, and entered the woods a few yards. Scarcely were we at the edge than the noise suddenly ceased. We halted in our steps and waited a moment. We heard nothing save the rustling of a body through the rubbish. A fox was slyly stealing his way from us, and the appraching cavalcade. He moved directly west, so we knew that the troop was in an easterly direction.

Again the horses were set in motion, and the rustling and crackling of the vines and rubbish were resumed. We made our way through the tangled vines, although we could scarcely see each other. They were fast approaching, and we must get out of their line of advance at once—and to the left too—so they would be against the wind. For it was a wonder that some vicious horse did not apprehend us already, so near we were to them. The sounds of the horses' hoofs, as they struck the ground, could be heard distinctly. The clinking of canteens and the rattling of tin ornaments were easily recognizable, as they were caught in the network of vines and the small limbs of the oaks.

Suddenly there was a signal given from the approaching troop. At that moment they halted, and the noise ceased. All was absolute stillness; the whole swamp might have been a Yankee burial ground, so deep was the silence. Slyly George placed his hand on my head. Then I began to feel my way through the tangled

vines, inch by inch. He followed in my footsteps. As yet no information could we obtain from the silent horsemen, and the noise we made in penetrating the bushes could be heard only a few steps away. Moment after moment stole away. Inch by inch we felt our way Perhaps we had retreated almost two rods before we heard a noise.

Quick as lightning we dropped in our tracks. It was only a mink slipping through the bushes. Again I heard a sound. I saw two shining eyes before me. Were they George's? Was it he I heard breathing so lowly? But George was at my side, and the eyes were directly in front of me. I placed my hand on George's shoulder. I was right. Some one was breathing hard, suppressed breaths, and deeper ones alternately, as though he did not wish his presence known. The Yanks had sent out scouts, and plainly this was one of them, who, by his stealth and cunning had outstripped his company full fifty yards.

He was coming closer, he was almost upon us. What to do? I knew the Yankee signal. The impulse came for me to give it at once. I gave it, repeated it, and gave it again. Almost at the same instant the horses were put in motion. As I turned George raised his musket at the Yankee's eyes. Too late—the pistol of the latter pierced a hole through his breast. Now George was killed, again came the impulse, what to do? As quick as my heart I seized the musket from the dying man and lowered it at my enemy. But quicker with the pistol, he placed a slight wound in my shoulder, but the musket becoming entangled in the vines, emptied its load in his thigh. Both sank to the ground. Both rose simultaneously to engage in our last encounter. Now I was in a greater predicament than ever. My brother slain, and I severely wounded, with a whole cavalcade of horsemen sweeping upon me. Death was absolutely certain. However, I determined to fight to the very last. Suddenly renewed energy seized my entire being. I went at my foe, fearing nothing. But at the moment when we were about to come in contact, a vine tripped my feet from under me, and the Yankee fell crosswise my breast. In the tussle I wrenched the pistol from his grasp and shot him dead.

But what of that? Could I yet live? The troop was only twenty-five yards distant. I hastened to the edge of the forest as quickly as possible, but louder and louder came the crackling of vines amid the horses' hoofs, more muffled and confused was the noise.

At this moment I reached the edge of the Island. There came in my face a sudden flaw—the wind

had changed. I beheld in the southwest a deep, black cloud \*rising above the horizon. Faster and faster it began to spread. Higher and higher it arose. It was strong and heavy.

All at once a thought came to me. I felt in my vest pocket. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, a light was in my hand, a burning match. I plunged it into a large bunch of dry grass; the blaze, snapping viciously, leaped up over my head, singeing my hair, and in an instant, was climbing the oaks. Another puff of wind, an increasing one, seized the flame and whipped it full thirty feet away, and so high that the pine-tops were burned to a crisp as the lurid substance curled heavenward. With a deep drawn sigh, a mad crackling laugh, a hellish groaning of fierce delight, the unbosomed demon of fire rushed to the terrified Yankees. In a moment the crazed flame, a mighty wave of hell itself, rolled over them and on—the only thing distinguishable besides the surging ocean of fire being the dying agonies of my pursuers.



# IN A JUNIOR'S RUBIAYAT.

Dedicated to Tatum, '05.

Wake! For the sun who scattered into flight The stars before him from the fields of night, Has long been up and shineth in your room, The chapel bell now rings with all its might.

What matters it if all the night before You searched some senseless book of ancient lore, Small matters this, since yours the aching head And if you kick, it means a blooming four.

Each day at least one zero brings you say, Linked in a chain with those of yesterday, Full many they and shall be till the rule Allows no more—then we shall go away.

> A book of Greek, a table and a light, Five straights next day, and one essay to write, Some dozen lexicons piled on my desk, Oh, Paradise, how far you are to-night!

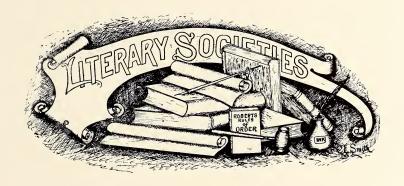
And some, our comrades of another day Down town filled up the cup that drives away All past regret of zeros made or flunks These friends have one by one gone home to stay.

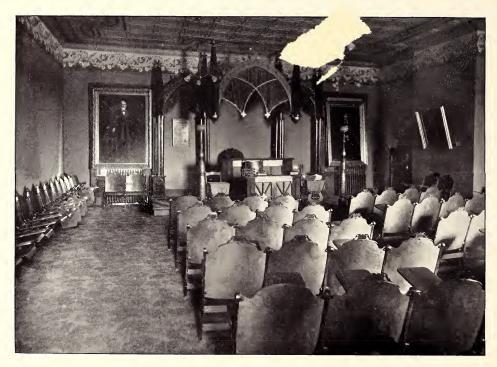
Oh threats of extra Greek and Latin too, One thing at least is certain, 'tis to you, We owe much sad-eyed sorrow, sleepless nights You shall go up in smoke if we get through.

Strange is it not what one new rule will do, Strange is it not of all the myriads who So often pleaded illness, now grown stout, Come in on time and sit their classes through?

There comes a thought that's anything but pain, We feel it when our star is on the wane, That Greek and time wear out the roughest day, Some day they'll look for us and look in vain.

J. M. ARIAIL, '05





CALHOUN SOCIETY HALL.

# CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

NCOURAGED by the liberal gift of an hundred thousand dollars for the establishment of a Methodist College in the State, the people of South Carolina awoke in 1854 to the realization of the growing need for high education. The College whose fiftieth anniversary we are this year celebrating, is the outcome of this great movement. Hardly had the Institution been opened, before they saw that, besides the advantages in science and literature which were offered, there was another important side of the student's life which is indeed as much to be cultured as those which were offered in his college work. Standing amid the clouds which, in but few years, were to burst with cruel madness upon the nation, shaking the Government to its very foundation, they saw that without the training in oratory the men whom they were to turn out would be weakened by the lack of this culture.

On October 1st, 1854, the students met in the old college chapel with Dr. Carlisle, and it was at this meeting that the Calhoun Literary Society was organized. They accepted the Constitution drawn up by Dr. Carlisle, and the active work of the Society began.

We would not attempt to speak of the influence which this Society has spread throughout the State. Every year the walls of the "State House" resound with the eloquence of her sons. The Court Room has its share, and every city has its speakers and politicians, the sons of the Calhoun Society.

But as the years passed by, prosperity blessed the efforts of the charter members to such an extent, that in 1858 it was necessary to organize another debating society. It was at this time that the Preston was organized, and side by side with her sister has worked through the hard years, and now stands her equal, sending out every year her number to represent her in the battle of life.

The work of the Calhoun Society was continued even till the roar of the cannon was heard on the soil of her State, and the boys in the College were called to lay down the gown and take on the uniform of grav. Thus, on December 15, 1863, a motion was passed to close the door until the close of the war.

All through the records from '61 to '66 we find the death of her sons recorded, showing that not only on the floor were they conscientious, but were true to their country, even in the times of war when the gown must give way to the sword.

From the time of the adjournment of this Society until the close of the war, the work was carried on by the two Societies in joint meeting under the name of the Consolidated Society, to be taken up again under her old Constitution, on October 5th, 1866.

Gradually the Society has improved in every detail. A new Constitution has been adopted. New By-Laws have been added, and to-day she stands as a force of great influence througout the State. She has furnished the college representative in the State Oratorical Contest every year for the past five, and this year the Preston's have this honor.

Even in so short a history it would be incomplete to omit the names of some of her sons who graduated:

Bishop W. W. Duncan, Bishop A. Coke Smith, Professor D. A. DuPre, Professor J. A. Gamewell, Rev. J. W. Tarboux, Dr. Charles Foster Smith, Rev. W. A. Rogers.

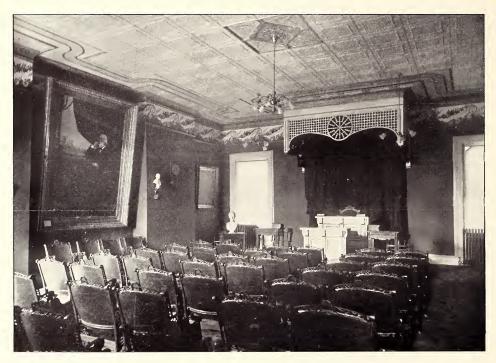




J. P. LANE.

R. O. LAWTON. J. A. MCINTYNE.
PRESIDENTS OF CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY 1903-94.

T. O. LAWTON.



PRESTON SOCIETY HALL.

# HISTORY OF THE PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

PREVIOUS to October, 1858, the Calhoun Society was the only literary society at Wofford College. The training derived from this Society was considered by the Faculty as of the greatest importance, and so every student was required to ally himself with it. At the beginning of the session of 1858 the number of students was so large as to justify, if not necessitate, the formation of another society, and the Faculty, concurring with a committee of the students in the opinion that two societies in wholesome

competition would accomplish vastly more than one, recommended the organization of another.

Accordingly, on Saturday night, October 9, 1858, Thomas E. Dawkins, of the Junior Class, A. A. Connor, F. D. Houser, Clarence McCartha, R. W. Simpson, A. S. Summers, Alfred Tolleson, J. E. Williams, of the Sophomore Class, J. T. Austin, J. A. Bailey, P. S. DeHoy, W. S. Hall, J. A. Keitt, W. E. Mauldin, H. A. McSwain, Z. L. Nabors, N. D. Oglesby, J. W. Riley, and J. A. Snow, of the Freshman Class, met in the hall which is still used by the Society, and effected the organization. Mr. A. J. Stokes, a member of the Calhoun Society, advocating the formation of the new one, met with them, and presided over their meetings until a Constitution and By-Laws were adopted, and the first corps of officers elected, returning them to the Calhoun Society.

Thomas Dawkins, R. W. Simpson, and Clarence McCartha were appointed a committee to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws, and on the following Saturday night, October 16, the Constitution as drawn up

by this committee, was adopted. This is the first meeting of which there is any record.

On November 27, 1858, the first corps of officers was elected: Thomas E. Dawkins, President; W. E. Mauldin, Vice-President; J. J. Snow, Secretary; Clarence McCartha, Critic; T. C. Williams,

Treasurer; J. E. Williams, Librarian.

On the evening of the first meeting the hall of the Society was utterly destitute of furniture, except two long benches and a small table, on which stood two tallow candles. Of course this lack of equipment tended to defeat the very purpose for which the Society was organized. But at the end of the year, by the liberal support of the members, the room was furnished equally as well as that of the older Society. A large number of books, purchased by the Society, or presented by friends, was accumulated. So, on the whole, everything looked toward success.

The members asked Dr. Carlisle to suggest a name for their Society. As the object of the Society was primarily the encouragement of oratory, very naturally the name of William C. Preston, South Carolina's greatest orator, was suggested. Immediately this name was adopted, and a committee appointed to notify Colonel Preston of it. The following reply of Preston is preserved and cherished by the Society which

bears his name:

"Charlottesville, Va., 4th November, 1858.

To the Committee of the Preston Society of Wofford College:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—Here beyond the borders of our dear State I have just received your note, informing me of the honor you have done me by giving my name to your Society, and by electing me an honorary member of it. These tokens of respect are exceedingly touching to me, coming from ingenious young men engaged in the pursuit of a liberal education. I suppose that the honor which you do me is suggested by my known sympathy with your time of life and your pursuits, and, perhaps, too, by your knowledge of the interest I have always felt in your young and vigorous college. Whatever has prompted this touching token of kindness to a retired and broken-down old man, he is very sensible of, and thankful for it, which I pray you, Gentlemen, to apprise the Society of. And to you, Gentlemen, who have been the organ of the Society's kindness, I beg leave to present respectful salutations.

From your obedient servant,

WM. C. PRESTON."

"As a token of his appreciation (as he expressed it) of the honor conferred upon him by the Society's giving to itself his name," says an old member, "Preston gave the Society the small bust of Patrick Henry, his great uncle, which is now in the Preston Hall." It was Preston's intention to visit the Society and present the bust himself, but on account of his wretched health, he was unable to carry out his intention. So, during the Commencement of 1860, it was delivered to the Society in the Preston Hall by Mr. William Martin, before a large audience. At the same time he delivered the dying message of this grand old statesman and orator: 'Give this bust of Patrick Henry to the Preston Literary Society of Wofford College, and say to those dear boys, 'God bless them.'"

The bust was accepted and Mr. R. W. Simpson, President at the time, responded to Mr. Martin's speech.



W. C. HERBERT (PRESTON)
A. C. DANIEL, JR.; (CALHOUN)
ANNIVERSARIANS

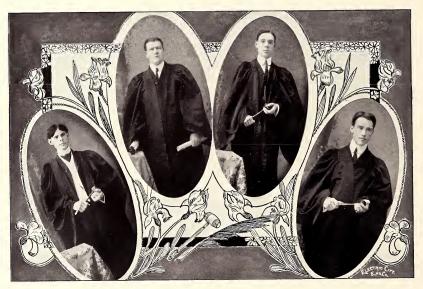
The Society prospered and continued growth until the outbreak of the Civil War. The last recorded meeting before the war was held on June 16, 1860, but the Society was in operation until Nov. 9, '61. After the war the college resumed her work, and on October 4, 1867, eleven Prestons met for the first time since the Fall of 1861. Immediately the constitution was revised and such changes were made as time and growth demanded. Since that time the Preston Society has had a prosperous career and her sphere of usefulness has been steadily increasing.

The Preston Hall is now very elegantly furnished, and every modern convenience afforded its members. It must not be thought, though, that the attention of the Society has been turned toward improving and beautifying its hall, to the neglect of the intellectual advancement of the members; "for its members, while striving for the aesthetic as well as the intellectual spirit, ever strive to maintain that dignity of de-

bate and decorum which has ever been characteristic of our Society."

Besides the bust of Patrick Henry mentioned above, there are in the hall two that were given by Dr. Carlisle, one of F. H. Elmore, and the other of General George McDuffie. Conspicuous on the walls are also engravings of Thomas E. Dawkins, the first President of the Society, R. E. Lee and Staff, "Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis, Dr. Whitefoord Smith, and John S. Preston; a copy of the Ordinance of Secession; and portraits of Bishop Wightman, Dr. Carlisle, Dr. DuPré, Wm. Preston, and Bishop W. W. Duncan. Directly under this portrait of Preston is a marble tablet on which are engraved his dying words: "God bless those dear boys at Spartanburg."





I. E. Curry. E. K. Hardin, Jr. C. L. Smith. W. C. Herbert-PRESIDENTS OF PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY, 1903-1904.



W. D. ROBERTS. E. L. Al.L.

M. A. CONNELLY. S. F. CANNON.

E. K. HARDIN, JR. P. W. BETHEA. JOURNAL STAFF.

R. O. LAWTON.
I. E. CURRY.

E. F. McWhirter.

## WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

#### STAFF:

Power W. Bethea, Editor-in-Chief.

#### CALHOUN:

Exchange Editor, R. O. Lawton. Local Editor, S. F. Cannon. Assist. Bus. Mgr, M. A. Connolly.

## PRESTON:

Literary Editor, E. L. All. Alumni Editor, E. F. McWhirter. Y. M. C. A. Editor, E. K. Hardin. Asst. Literary Editor, W. D. Roberts.

I. E. Curry, Business Manager.

# A HISTORY OF THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

T is quite a singular fact that through its fifteen years of eventful history no one as yet has attempted a compilation of mere facts, far less write a history, of perhaps the most important literary function of the college—the JOURNAL. So it is with this apology of inexperience and lack of information that we begin this crude sketch.

It was not until October of the year 1888 that enthusiasm was aroused by C. B. Smith, then Professor of History and Political Economy, sufficiently to pass concurrent resolutions by the student body as to the advisability of publishing a college magazine at Wofford. After many appropriate and spicy exhortations of the Professor to his younger brother, E. D. Smith, who was at that time a member of the senior class, the long-looked for desire was realized

In December of that year a committee was selected to publish the magazine, with E. D. Smith, chairman. After the initial number, which appeared in January of the following year, a board of editors were elected. They were E. D. Smith, Editor-in-chief; J. W. Nash, Business Manager; E. D. Mouzon, W. P. Few, Literary Editors; A. M. Muckenfuss, Alumni Editor; J. M. Workman, Local Editor. In May, 1889,

a new board was elected with J. W. Nash, Editor-in-chief; and J. G. Baker, D. M. McCleod, J. G. Herbert, Jr., C. W. Stoll, A. J. Cauthen, Jr., Associate Editors. This was the first board to serve throughout a college

Much enthusiasm was manifested in the Journal in its infancy, and every one who was connected with it took pride in its columns; but as the years passed by the interest was lessened, financial depression seemed absolutely certain, the students were not as loyal to it as might have been expected, the advertising pages were reduced, and none save the immdiate staff seemed to realize that the crisis had come, that the reaction had set in, and if aid did not come and that right early, the college paper which was so near and dear to the students of '89 and '90 would be practically suspended. Then it was that the strong arm of the two

societies was placed about its neck, and success has been the ultimate result.

In January, 1894, while D. D. Wallace was editor of the Journal, the exchange department was created with W. T. Duncan, Editor. Heretofore this department had been conducted by the Chief Editor, but his duties becoming so complex, a new department was necessary. Up to that time there were two literary editors, but upon the creation of the exchange department it was placed under the editorship of only one. W. Wm. Watson was the first sole literary editor. It was conducted in this manner for a few years when an assistant was added from the junior class. It was at that time that the business manager was given an assistant from the same class.

In May, 1901, another department of the Journal was created—that of the Y. M. C. A. with Norman L. Prince as its Editor. The editor of this department is elected by the Young Men's Christian Association, and the societies have nothing to do with it whatever. The Journal had been in need of a department to represent the Christian side of college life for a number of years, and great good has resulted there-

from since its creation.

The Journal is now on an excellent basis and can be published until the Christmas Holidays of each year without a single advertisement or outside subscription. It has been the aim of the present board to publish as good an all-round paper as goes out from any college in the South. Wofford is distinctly a literary college and it is with pride that she boasts of her literary magazine. We have striven after quality, not quantity, and have been very considerate as to the merits of each article published in its columns.

P. W. Bethea, Editor-in-Chief.

# WOFFORD COLLEGE LYCEUM.

HIS Organization has become a permanent part of the educational system of the city of Spartanburg, and through it the citizens and students are brought together every few weeks to enjoy the best lecturers that are now available. A lyceum speaker never fails to draw a full house. One of the most interesting features of the lyceum is the attendance of a great crowd of young people, and they are among the most enthusiastic supporters of the lecture course. As the tickets are transferable, the lyceum contributes to the education of at least one thousand persons each year.

The Association is under the management of

#### COMMITTEE OF THIRTEEN.

J. A. Gamewell, President and Secretary. J. W. Nash, Treasurer. H. L. Bomar, Frank Evans, R. H. F. Chapman, A. B. Cooke, A. M. DuPre, W. E. Burnett, C. P. Sanders, J. F. Brown, W. M. Jones, Robert P. Pell, J. W. Simpson.

#### GROWTH OF THE LYCEUM SPIRIT IN SPARTANBURG.

First season the audience was 300. Second season the audience was 500. Third season the audience was 700. Fourth season the audience was 800.

Variety and strength have been considered the essentials of success. Much care has been exercised in the selection of lecturers. By always securing the best, confidence in the management has been established. The announcement that the entertainment is a Wofford College Lyceum Number, assures a full house.

#### A PARTIAL LIST OF THE LECTURERS.

Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, Mr. Robert J. Burdette, Governor "Bob" Taylor, Hon. George R. Wendling, Mr. George Kennan, Professor John B. DeMotte, Mr. Robarts Harper, Professor Eugene C. Foster, Dr. D. J. Stafford, Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, Pro-

fessor Walter A. Wyckoff, Mr. Albert Armstrong, Hon. Luther Manship. Dr. W. H. Tolman, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, Dr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, Dr. Frank D. Gamewell, Dr. C. T. Winchester, William Garrott Brown, Dr. Henry N. Snyder, Charles D. Kellogg, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,

## NOTICES FROM SPARTANBURG PRESS.

The Wofford College Lyceum is the most successful institution of the kind in the State.—Daily Herald. Each year this splendid institution has grown and improved, and has become a constantly increasing factor in the education of our people.—Daily Journal.

The Lyceum has been fortunate this season in securing a variety of first-class entertainments. Financially they are on a solid foundation.—*The Spartan*.

The students have received much pleasure and profit from the excellent course of lectures given by the Lyceum this year. Nearly all have attended.—Wofford College Journal.

One of the happiest ideas that has for some time come to our city was the organization of the Wofford College Lyceum.—*The Headlight*.

The students of Converse have enjoyed a treat of rare educational value in the series of lectures which the Wofford College Lyceum has offered.—*The Converse Concept.* 



J. C. Candler, (K,A) J. H. Hannila C. L. Snith, (K,A) E. K. Hardin,  $J_{R,L}(X|\cancel{\phi})$  W. D. Burnett.  $(X|\cancel{\psi})$ (winner of medal is state oratorical contest.) SPEAKERS ON ORATORICAL CONTEST 1904.



J. H. Rilgo, (X  $\varphi$ )

J. H. Hannii...

W. D. Roberts...

J. Unitor debators with presiding officer 1904.



F. H. ADDEN. M. T. WHARTON.

J. D. HOLLER, J. C. TOWNSEND. H. RICHARDSON.

J. C. ANDERSON.

H. P. WATSON.

J. R. LYLES.

J. C. GUILDS.

J. O. SKINNER. F. B. MOORE. O. M. MITCHEIL.





C. S. MANNING.

H. A. MACAULAY. E. K. HARDIN, JR.

V. CLEVELAND.
D C ANDERSON
CHI PHI FRATERNITY.

W.B. OUZTS. J. B. GUESS.

L. P. WALKER, JR. J. C. TOWNSEND.

## CHI PHI

## COLORS-Scarlet and Blue.

FOUNDED AT PRINCETON, 1824.

Sigma Chapter, Established May 30, 1871

Fratres in Facultate,

PRESIDENT HENRY N. SNYDER.

JOHN G. CLINKSCALES.

#### ROLL.

Edward K. Hardin, Jr., '04, D. Cloud Anderson, '05, Charles S. Manning, '05, Vamroy V. Cleveland, '05, Lewis P. Walker, Jr., '05, James B. Guess, Jr., '06, Wilmot B. Ouzts, 'o6, John C. Townsend, 'o6, Hugh A. Macaulay, 'o6

#### CHAPTER LIST.

Alpha, University of Virginia,
Beta, Massachusetts Inst. of Technology,
Gamma, Emory College,
Delta, Rutgers College,
Epsilon, Hampden-Sidney College,
Zeta, Franklin and Marshall College,
Eta, University of Georgia
Theta, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute,
Iota, Ohio State University,

Lambda, University of California,
Mu, Stevens Institute of Technology
Nu, University of Texas,
Xi, Cornell University,
Omicron, Yale University,
Rho, Lafayette College,
Sigma, Wofford College,
Phi, Amherst College,
Chi, Dartmouth College,

Psi, Lehigh University.



L. H. SMITH. W. D. BURNETT.

J. P. Kileo.

T. O. LAWTON.
H. F. WATSON.
CHI PSI FRATERNITY.

M. Jones.

W B. PIERCE. W. C. CLEVELAND.

# CHI PSI

Found at Union College, 1841.

Alpha Tau, 1869.

Colors, Purple and Gold.

Fratre in Facultas, D. A. DuPre, A. M.

#### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

1905.

1904.

Warren DuPre Burnett,

Thomas Oregon Lawton.

William Choice Cleveland,

James Patrick Kilgo.

Marion Barnwell Pierce.

Louis Harvey Smith.

1906.
Pierce. I
Henry Franklin Watson.

#### ROLL OF ACTIVE ALPHAS.

Pi, Union College,
Theta, Williams College,
Mu, Middlebury College,
Alpha, Wesleyan University,
Phi, Hamilton College,
Epsilon, University of Michigan,

Chi, Amherst College, Psi, Cornell University, Tau, Wofford College, Nu. University of Minnesota, Iota. University of Wisconsin, Rho. Rutgers College,

XI, Stephens Institute of Technology, Alpha Delta, University of Georgia, Beta Delta, Lehigh University, Gamma Delta, Stanford University, Delta Delta, University of California, Epsilon Delta, University of Chicago,



R. H. ROGERS.
J. H. MONTGOMERY.

G. W. NICHOLLS, JR. C. L. SMITH.

J. C. CANDLER. W. W. CARSON.

W. C. STALLWORTH.
C. P WOFFORD.

# KAPPA ALPHA

Founded at Washington and Lee, 1865.

Delta Chartered, 1869,

Flowers.

Alpha Nu.-Columbian University.

Alpha Pi.-Leland Stanford, Jr.

Alpha Phi.-Trinity College.

Beta Beta.-Bethany College.

Alpha Xi.-University of California.

Alpha Rho.-University of W. Va.

Alpha Sigma.-Georgia School of Tech.

Alpha Upsilon.-University of Mississippi.

Alpha Omega.-N. C. A. & M. College.

Beta Alpha.-Missouri School of Mines.

Beta Gamma.-College of Charleston.

Beta Delta.-Georgetown College.

Alpha Tau.-Hampden-Sydney College.

Alpha Chi.-Kentucky Wesleyan Univ.

Alpha Psi.-Florida State Coilege.

Colors.
Crimson and Old Gold.
Claude Livingston Smith, '04,

Claude Livingston Smith, '04, Charles Pinckney Wofford, '05, John Cartwright Candler, '06, William Wallace Carson, '06, Active Members of Delta. Red Rose and Magnolia. John Henry Montgomery, '06, George Williams Nicholls, Jr., '06 , Kalph Holland Rogers, '06, William Caldwell Stallworth, '06,

J. A. Gamewell, A. M., D. D. Wallace, A. M., Ph. D,, Brothers on Faculty.

A. Mason DuPre, A. M., L. Q. Crum, A. B.

Alpha.—Washington and Lee University. Gamma.—University of Georgia.

Delta.—Wolford College.
Epsilon.—Emory College.
Zeta.—Randolph-Macon College.
Eta.—Richmond College.
Theta.—Kentucky State College.
Kappa.—Mercer University.
Lambda.—University of Virginia.
Nu.—Alabama Polytechnic Institute.
Xi.—Southwestern University.
Omicron.—University of Texas.
Pi.—University of Temessee.
Sigma.—Davidson College.

Active Chapters. Phi.-Southern University. Chi.-Vanderbilt University. Psi.—Tulane University. Omega.-Central University of Kentucky. Alpha Alpha.-University of the South. Alpha Beta.-University of Alabama. Alpha Gamma.-Louisiana State Univ. Alpha Delta.-William Jewell College. Alpha Epsilon .- S. W. Presbyterian Univ. Alpha Zeta.-William and Mary College. Alpha Eta.-Westminster College. Alpha Theta.-Kentucky University. Alpha Iota.-Centenary College. Alpha Kappa.-Missouri State University. Alpha Lambda.-Johns Hopkins Univ. Alpha Mu.-Millsaps College.

Alumni Chapters.

Norfolk, Va.
Richmond, Va.
Richmond, Va.
New York City.
Raleigh, N. C.
Macon, Ga.
Lexington, Ky.
Petersburg. Va.
Talladega, Ala.
St. Louis, Mo.
Alexandria, La.

Jackson, Miss.
Atlanta, Ga.
Hampton—Newport News, Va.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Montgomery, Ala.
Augusta, Ga.
Staunton, Va.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Shreveport, La.
Centreville, Miss.
Hattiesburg, Miss.

1.31

Mobile, Ala.
Dallas, Texas.
Franklin, La.
Kansas City, Mo.
San Francisco.
Baltimore, Md.
Little Rock, Ark.
Anniston, Ala.
Jonesboro, Ark.
Nashville, Tenn.
Selma, Ala.



CARLISLE. ARIAIL, SHOCKLEY.

LITTLEJOHN. DURANT.
MCFADBEN, ROLAND.

McKelvey. Leonard. Galloway. McCullough.
Meadors.
Oliver.

KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

## KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY.

FOUNDED AT UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA, ITALY, 1400.

ALPHA NU ESTABLISHED 1894.

Colors.

J. A. Roland,

White, emerald green and crimson.

Flower,

Lily of the Valley.

ACTIVE MEMBERS ALPHA NU.

J. M. Ariail, J. A. Carlisle,

C. R. DuRant,

C. B. Galloway,

R. E. Leonard, F. N. Littlejohn

E. R. Mason,

J. W. McCullough, Jr.,

C. L. McFadden

W. A. McKelvey, Jr. M. K. Meadors,

R. C. Oliver,

B. F. Shockley, Jr.,

FACULTY MEMBER.

Hugh T. Shockley, A. M.

ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Psi.-Univ. of Maine. Alpha-Rho.-Bowdoin. Beta-Kappa.—New Hampshire College. Alpha-Lambda.-Univ. of Vermont. Beta-Alpha.-Brown Univ. Alpha-Kappa.-Cornell Univ. Pi.-Swarthmore College.

Alpha-Delta.-Pennsylvania State College. Alpha-Eta.-Columbian University. Alpha Epsilon.-Univ. Pennsylvania. Alpha-Phi.-Bucknell Univ. Beta-Delta.-Washington & Jefferson. Beta-Iota.-Lehigh University. Beta-Pi.-Dickinson College. Alpha-Alpha.-Univ. of Maryland.

Zeta.-University of Virginia. Eta.-Randolph-Macon. Nu-William and Mary, Upsilon.-Hampden-Sidney. Beta-Beta.-Richmond. Delta.—Davidson.

Eta-Prime.—Trinity.
Alpha-Mu.—University of N. C.
Beta-Upsilon.—A. and M. of N. C.
Mu.—Washington and Lee.
Alpha-Nu.—Wofford.
Alpha-Nu.—Wofford.
Alpha-Tan.—Georgia School of Tech.
Beta-Lambda.—University of Georgia.
Beta.—University of Alabama.
Beta-Eta.—Ala. Polytechnic Institute.
Theta.—Cumberland University.
Lambda.—University of Tennessee.
Phi.—Southwestern Presbyterian Univ.
Omega.—University of the South.

Alpha-Theta.—Southwestern Bap. Univ. Beta-Nu.—Kentucky State College. Alpha-Upsilon.—Millsops. Gamma.—Louisiana State University. Epsilon.—Centenary .

Sigma.—Tulane University.

Iota.—Southwestern University.

Tau.—University of Texas. Xi.—University of Arkansas .

Alpha-Omega.—William Jewell. Beta-Gamma.—Missouri State Univ. Beta-Sigma.—Washington University. Beta-Chi.—Missouri School of Mines. Alpha-Psi.—University of Nebraska. Beta-Tai.—Baker University.

Beta-Omicron.—University of Denver.
Alpha Sigma.—Ohio State University.
Beta Phi.—Case School Applied Science.
Chi.—Purdue University.
Alpha-Pi.—Wabash.
Beta-Theta.—University of Indiana.
Alpha-Gamma.—Univ. of Illinois.
Alpha-Chi.—Lake Forest University.
Alpha-Zeta.—University of Michigan .
Beta-Epsilon.—Univ. of Wisconsin. .
Beta-Mu.—University of Minnesota.
Beta-Rho.—University of Iowa.
Beta-Zeta.—Leland Stanford, Jr., Univ.
Beta-Xi.—University of California.
Beta-Psi.—University of Washington.

#### ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Boston,	Norfolk,	New York,	Pine Bluff,	Denver,
Danville,	Atlanta,	New Orleans,	Ruston,	Louisville,
Waco,	Yazoo City,	Chicago,	Memphis,	Concord,
Washington,	Philadelphia,	Indianapolis,	Buffalo,	Ithaca,
	Pittsburg,	St. Louis,	San Francisco,	



TOLLESON TOLLESON

E. F. MCWHIRTER

W W. TAYLOR

W. M. FAIR.

J. O. SKINNER

PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

# PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY.

Founded at University of Va. March 1st, 1868.

Colors:

Old Gold and Garnet.

Flower: Lily of the Valley

NU CHAPTER.

Established 1891.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

C. S. WILLIAMSON,

Fratres in Collegio.

J. W. Boyd, '05, W. M. Fair, '04,

J. C. Guilds, 'o6,

W. L. Isom, '07, E. F. McWhirter, '04,

J. O. Skinner, 'o6,

W. W. Taylor, '05,

L. H. Tolleson, '00, R. H. Tolleson, '07.

#### ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

Alpha.—University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va. Beta.—Davidson College, N. C. Gamma.—William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va. Zeta.—University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn. Eta.—Tulane University of Louisiana, New Orleans, La. Theta.—S. W. P. U., Clarksville, Tenn. Iota.—Hampden-Sidney, Va. Kappa.—Kentucky University, Lexington, Ky. Mu.—Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C. Nu.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.

Pi.-Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Omicron.-Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

Rho.—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn .
Sigma.—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.
Tau.—University of N. C., Chapel Hill, N. C.
Upsilon.—Ala. Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala.
Phi.—Roanoke College, Salem, Va.
Chi.—University of the South, Sewanee, Tenn.
Psi.—Georgia Agricultural College, Dahlonega, Ga.
Omega.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Alpha-Alpha.—Trinity College, Durham, N. C.
Alpha-Beta.—Centenary College, Jackson, La.
Alpha-Gamma.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La.
Alpha-Delta.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.



E. L ALL.

B. F. Moore.

Л. Ноцьки.

H. RICHARDSON.
SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY:

F. TATUM.

M. W. BRABBAM.
MORRIS.

# SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON, Established 1856. Colors: Royal Purple and Old Gold.

South Carolina Gamma, Established 1885.

Flower: Violet.

#### ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Class of 1904. Allendale, S. C. E. L. All, CLASS OF 1905. Bamberg, S. C. M. W. Brabham, McColl, S. C. F. P. Tatum. Class of 1906. Rock Hill, S. C. J. D. Holler, McColl, S. C. F. B. Moore, Bennettsville, S. C. Edward Morris, Anderson, S.C. Hugh Richardson,

ROLL OF ACTIVE CHAPTERS.

PROVINCE ALPHA. Maine, Massachusetts.

PROVINCE BETA.

New York, Pennsylvania.

Alpha.—Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.

Mu.—Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

Alpha.—University of Maine, Orono, Maine.

Beta-Upsilon.—Boston University, Boston, Mass.

Gamma.—Harvard University, Cambridge. Mass.

Delta.—Worcester Polytechnic Institute, Worcester, Mass.

Mu.—Columbia University, New York, N. Y.
Sigma-Phi.—St. Stephen's College, Annadale-on-Hudson, N.Y.
Omega.—Allegheny College, Meadeville, Pa.

Iôta-Tau.-Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

#### PROVINCE GAMMA.

Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina.

Omicron:—University of Virginia.

Sigma.—Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

Xi.—University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Theta.—Davidson College, Davidson, N. C.

Gamma.—Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C. Sigma Phi.—Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. Alþha-Zcta.—Pennsylvania State College, Pa. Zcta.—Bucknell University ,Lewisburg, Pa. Delta.—Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa.

Theta.-University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROVINCE DELTA.

Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin.

Iota-Beta.—University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Alpha.—Adrian Coliege, Adrian, Mich.

Sigma.—Mt. Union. College, Alliance. Ohio.

Delta.—Ohio Wesleyan University, Deleware, Ohio.

Epsilon.—University of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Theta.—Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.

Alpha.—Franklin College. Franklin, Indiana.

Beta.—Purdue University, West Lafayette, Indiana.

Psi.—Omega.—Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Beta.—University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Theta.—University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

Alpha.—University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

Alpha.—University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wis.

Province Epsilon. Georgia, Alabama.

Beta.—University of Georgia, Athens, Ga.
Psi.—Mercer University, Macon, Ga.
Epsilon.—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.
Phi.—Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.
Iota.—Southern University, Greensboro, Ala.
Mu.—University of Alabama, University of Ala.
Alpha.—Mu.—Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn, Ala

PROVINCE ZETA.

Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Kansas.

Alpha.—University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.

Beta.—Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.

Lambda.—Pi.—University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

Alpha.—Upsilon.—University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, Ark.

Alpha.—University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas.

## Province Eta. Colorado, California.

Chi.—University of Colorado, Boulder, Col. Zeta.—Denver University, Denver, Col. Lambda.—Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Col. Alpha.—Leland Stanford, Jr., University, Stanford, Col. Beta.—University of California, Berkeley, Cal.

## PROVINCE THETA.

Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas.

Epsilon.—Louisiana State University, Baton Rouge, La. Tau.—Upsilon.—Tulane University, New Orleans, La. Gamma.—University of Mississippi, University, Miss. Rho.—University of Texas, Austin, Tex.

#### PROVINCE IOTA.

Kappa.—Central University, Danville, Ky.
Iola.—Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.
Epsilon.—Kentucky State College, Lexington, Ky.
Zeta.—Southwestern Presbyterian University, Clarksville,
Tenn.
Lambda.—Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn.

Lambda.—Cumberland University, Leoanon, Teim Nu—Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Teim Kappa.—University of Temessee, Knoxville, Teim . Omega.—University of the South, Sewanee, Teim . Eta.—Southwestern Baptist University, Jackson, Tein.

# ALUMNI ASSOCIATIONS.

Adrian, Mich.; Alliance, Ohio; Americus, Ga.; Atlanta, Ga.; Augusta, Ga.: Birmingham, Ala.; Boston, Mass.; Chattanoga, Tenn.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, O.; Cleveland, O.; Dayton, O.; Denver, Col.; Detroit ,Mich.; Florence, Ala.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jackson, Miss.; Kansas City, Mo.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Little Rock, Ark.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Macon, Ga.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Jackson, Miss.; Kansas City, Mo.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Little Rock, Ark.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Macon, Ga.; Madison, Wis.; Memphis, Tenn.; New Orleans, La.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Pittsburg, Pa.; San Francisco, Cal.; Savannah, Ga.; St. Louis, Mo.; Talladega, Ala.; Washington, D. C.; Washington, Ga.; Wilmington, N. C.; Worcester, Mass.



# THE PHILANTHROPEANS.

T may seem to some that our name is inappropriate, but beneath the surface contention which this organization tends to arouse, is a truly philanthropic motive. The aim of the eight men who banded themselves together in the year ninety-nine was to upbuild the college community, to place all men on an equal footing, and to bring about a closer union of the student body. Believing that this could be accomplished only by the abolition of all secret organizations, their own included, of course, they began work with this in view.

Though the Non-Frat, order is perhaps the youngest on the campus, it is by no means the smallest. From the original eight the enrollment rapidly increased and in a single year the number of members reached eighty. Heretofore the organization had no regular place of meeting, but with this increase it became necessary to secure one, so for the last three years, through the kindness of the officials, we have rented a room on the third floor in the east wing of the main college building. Here the Non-Frats have passed some hours full of pleasure and fun when the seriousness of our purpose was laid aside.

Since there is little history for us to give without entering into a discussion, with this brief statement and a glance at the (handsome?) faces of our members, we close.



S. W. Peckett. C. C. Robbins. J. C. Epting. H. M. Robbins. B. M. Dekes. M. Daniel.
C. S. Bethea. J. S. Josey. N. T. Clark. M. L. Reynolds. J. K. Patrick. M. T. Wearton.



J. B. USHER W. T. JONES

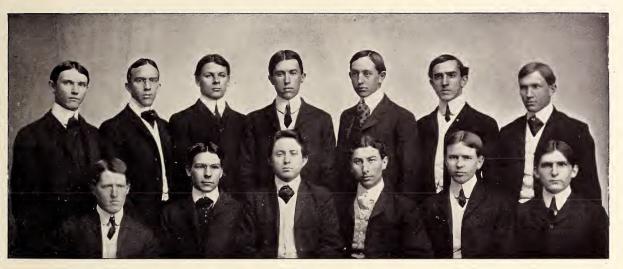
W. D. BETTS A. E. ROGERS

s. J. ROGERS J. C. ANDERSON

P. W. BETHEA J. R. LYLES

S. B. MOORE J. G. STABLER

P. H. ADDEN N. STANTON



J. A. MCINTYRE

C. S. FELDER J. B. CANTY

L. A. MANNING J. P. LANE

W. L. GLAZE E. C. DYE

W. H. SMITH M. A. CONNOLLY

W. D ROBERTS J. P. STOCKMAN

J. H. HAMEL



J. W. CUNNINGHAM

W. C. HERBERT W. B. LANCASTER J. E. CURRY T. L. CELY
R. A. SHORES B. F. CROUCH A. C. DANIEL S. F. CANNON

W. B. CARNS O. M. CHAPMAN.



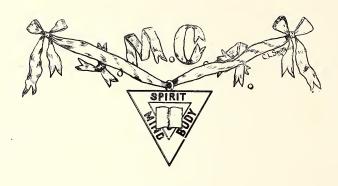
E. K. HARDIN, JR., President.

W. C. ARIAIL, Vice President.

C. L. Swift, Business Manager.

M. A. CONNOLLY, Sec. and Treas.

C. P. Wofford, Assistant Business Manager.



#### OFFICERS.

A. D. Betts, President.W. D. Roberts, Vice President.

- O. M. MITCHELL, Treasurer.
- J. C. Anderson, Secretary.



Y. M. C. A. HALL.

#### YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION DEPARTMENT.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ROM the foundation of Wofford College there has always been a strong religious movement among the students apart from the direct influence of the faculty. During the first twenty-five years of the college's history, this movement manifested itself in a weekly, which was held in Dr. Carlisle's recitation room every Wednesday afternoon immediately after the chapel exercises. At these metings (which usually lasted thirty minutes) nearly every student was regularly present. Old students still speak of those meetings as having a source of great spiritual strength. It is interesting to note in passing that in those days it was the custom to have chapel twice a day: in the morning before beginning the day's work, and at 4:30 in the afternoon when the last recitations were over. It was just after this last meeting in chapel on Wednesday that the prayer meeting was held. It was during the seventies that the Young Men's Christian Association movement began to take a hold in the South. An organization was effected in Spartanburg in 1876 with Prof. J. A. Gamewell as president. While many of the college boys came into helpful touch with this during the three or four years of its existence, yet it was not a distinct student Association, such as we have to-day.

Finally, on December 13, 1879, a Young Men's Christian Association was organized in the College, and it was composed entirely of students. The organization took place in the hall of the Preston Literary Society. The following were the first corps of officers: Pres., H. C. Folk; Vice Pres., W. T. Lander; Rec. Sec., C. B. Smith; Cor. Sec., C. H. Carlisle; Treas., C. H. Hilliard. The new Association, in addition to its work among the students, conducted meetings on Sunday afternoons at the jail and sometimes at other places. In 1901, Rev. S. A. Nettles, of the South Carolina Conference, furnished for the Association a suitable hall in the college building. This generous act of his has given quite a stimulus to our religious work. The hall has a seating capacity of one hundred and twenty-five, and in it ail of the Association meetings are

held.

#### DEPARTMENTS OF WORK.

Religious Work. In this there is provided every Sabbath afternoon for all the students. These services are usually led by one of the members, but frequently one of the professors or some minister is secured. A ten minutes prayer-meeting is held every Wednesday night just after supper. It is customary each winter to hold a series of revival services among the students. This year Rev. J. G. Beckwith, the Methodist pastor at Florence, S. C., conducted the meeting, and much good was accomplished.

Personal Work. The active Christians are banded together for intelligent individual work among the non-Christian students. In this way many boys have been reached and helped who would not have been

touched by the Association in any other way.

Bible Study. This department maintains three classes in systematic Bible study. The classes meet weekly and review under the direction of a leader the work of their daily Bible study for the preceding week. The courses of study used are those issued by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association. Thirty-five men joined these classes this year. W. C. Herbert, R. O. Lawton and C. L. McFadden led the classes this year.

Missionary. Few subjects are of more absorbing interest to the college man to-day than the record of this marvellous movement of modern times. Two classes conducted by E. K. Hardin, Jr., and Albert D. Betts, have had a total enrollment of thirty men. An excellent missionary library of nearly one hundred volumes is also at hand. The Association decided this year to support a scholarship in the Granbery University in Brazil, and hereafter \$100.00 will be raised annually for that purpose.

#### OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

Our officers are elected annually. The former officers were as follows:

President, C. L. Smith, Belton, S. C. Vice President, E. K. Hardin, Jr., Batesburg, S. C. Secretary, W. D. Roberts, Lykesland, S. C. Treasurer, A. D. Betts, Piedmont, S. C.

The new officers who took up their duties on Feb. 1st are as follows:

President, Albert D. Betts, Piedmont, S. C. Vice President, W. D. Roberts, Lykesland, S. C. Secretary, J. Courtenay Anderson, Gray Court, S. C.

Treasurer, O. M. Mitchell, Ridge Spring, S. C.

The Association has eleven committees which are as follows: Devotional or Religious Work, Personal Work, Bible Study, Missionary, Membership, Finance, Music, Hank Book, Asheville Conference, and Hall Committee.

#### SPECIAL ITEMS.

In November, 1903, Dr. W. M. Morrison, of the Southern Presbyterian Mission at Luebo, Africa, made a visit to us in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement. His visit was much enjoyed by the students generally.

The State Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association laid violent hands on our former President, Mr. C. L. Smith, this year, and has been using him as College Secretary for South Carolina. He went the rounds of the colleges twice in the interest of Association work.

The first Inter-State Convention for North and South Carolina met here in Spartanburg, Feb. 20-23. Nearly all the students attended at least some of the sessions.

It was a genuine pleasure to have with us for two days in February Mr. W. D. Weatherford, the International Committee's Student Secretary for the South. He delivered two very helpful addresses, which were heard by a large number of students.

The Student Missionary Conference which was held here for the students in March was another important event in the past year's work. Rev. J. W. Shackelford, of Nashville, Tenn., was in charge of the conference.

We note with pleasure the interest which all of the members of the faculty have taken in the Association, and believe that it foretokens much for the future success of the work.



A. D. BETTS, PRESIDENT Y. M. C. A.



REV. S. A. NETTLES,

BY WHOSE GENEROSITY THE Y. M. C. A. HALL

WAS FURNISHED.



W. D ROBERTS, VICE-PRESIDENT Y. M. C. A



J. C. ANDERSON. SECRETARY. Y. M. C. A.



O. M. MITCHELL, TREASURER,

# ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT



#### OFFICERS OF ATHLECTIC ASSOCIATION.

A. G. REMBERT, PRESIDENT. J. F. WILSON, MANAGER. E. K. HARDIN, SEC'T AND TREAS.

DEPARTMENTS.

BASE BALL

CAPTAIN.

FOOT BALL.

CAPTAIN.

GY

GYMNASIUM.

A. C. DANIEL,

CAPTAIN.

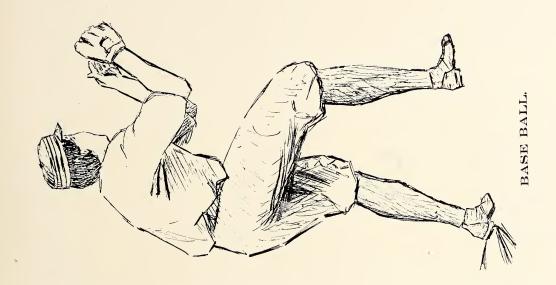
TENNIS.

W. C. HERBERT,

CAPTAIN.



BALL PARK.





McCollough.
Burnett. Cantey.

BOYD. GLAZE.

Wilson. Ison. Wiggins. A. M. Brabham.
BASE BALL TEAM 1902-'03

DURANT. RICHARDSON.
M. W. Brabham.

#### BASE BALL TEAM.

Manager, J. F. Wilson. Captain, A. M. Brabham. Assistant Business Manager, W. W. Boyd.

1902	TEAM.	1903
Players.		Position.
Wiggins		Catcher
DuRant		
Cleveland		) =
Isom		Ist Base
Green		2nd Base
Brahham A M.		3rd Base
Brobbom M W		Left Field
C1		Center Field
Glaze		Right Field
		Substitutes
McCullough		)

#### BASE BALL RECORDS.

	'99		'02
Wofford, 6,	Clemson, 5.	Wofford, o,	Cornell, 6.
Wofford, 23,	South Carolina, 2.	Wofford, 6,	Univ. Georgia, 7.
Wofford, 9,	Charleston College, 7.	Wofford, 13,	Bingham, o.
Wofford, 5,	Citadel, 3.	Wofford, 8,	Univ. Tennessee, 7.
Wofford, 22,	South Carolina, 4.	Wofford, 17,	Univ. Tennessee, 4.
Wofford, 5,	Erskine, 3.	Wofford, 14,	Furman, 1.
Wofford, 13,	Furman, 2.	Wofford, 4,	Trinity, 3.
o .	'00	Wofford, 3,	Clemson, 6.
	00	wonord, 3,	Cienison, o.
Wofford, 7,	South Carolina, 5,		'03
Wofford, 24,	Charleston College, 3.		-0
Wofford, 8,	Citadel, 2.	Wofford, 16,	K. M. M. A., o.
Wofford, 7,	Wake Forest, 3.	Wofford, 2,	Davidson, 3.
Wofford, 1,	Wake Forest, o.	Wofford, o,	North Carolina, 2.
Wofford, 6,	Clemson, o.	Wofford, 12,	Erskine, 2.
Wofford, 9,	South Carolina, 3.	Wofford, 5,	Newberry, 3.
Wofford, 9,	Charleston College, o.	Wofford, 2,	Wake Forest, 1.
Wofford, 7,	Citadel, o.	Wofford, 4,	South Carolina, 2.
'01		Wofford, 8,	Charleston College, 6.
	01	Wofford, 4,	Clemson, 10.
Wofford, o,	Furman, 9.	Wofford, 4,	Trinity, 8.
Wofford, 2,	Cornell, 6.	Wofford, I,	Clemson, 10.
Wofford, 16,	Bingham, 5.	Wofford, 9,	Sewanee, 4.
Wofford, 5,	Clemson, 7.	Wofford, 7,	Tennessee, 4.
Wofford, 4,	South Carolina, 6.	Wofford, 6,	Tennessee, 5.
Wofford, 5.	Clemson, 8.	Wofford, 8,	Erskine, 10.



J. M. WILSON,
Business Manager Athletic Association.



W. D. BURNETT, CAPTAIN FOOT BALL TEAM 1904.



FOOT BALL.

#### VARSITY FOOT BALL TEAM.

#### 1903=1904

E. F. McWhirter,	Captain.	
TEAM.		
PLAYERS.	Position.	
Stockman	Left Guard	
Tatim		
Rogers, S		
Nichols } Hamel		
Glaze	Left End	
McWhirter   Candler		
Cantey	Left Half	
Manning	Right Tackle	
McIntyre		
McCullough	Quarter Back	
Morris Connolly }	Full Back	



FOOT BALL TEAM.

#### ATHLETICS IN WOFFORD COLLEGE

SINCE the various colleges of South Carolina have come to the front on the athletic field, the old gold and black of Wofford has been a constant leader in every phase which the term athletics embraces, in so far as they have been practiced. The records of the football elevens up until the time of the abolition of the game in 1901, were brilliant and even now are pointed to with pride. The baseball teams of the various years are known by the playing which makes up enviable records.

The purity of athletics, on whatever occasion a contest may have taken place, has demonstrated

that a team of Wofford men are gentlemen first and then athletes.

In the past few years interest has increased much. In nineteen-hundred-and-three, the alumni and friends of the college, seeing the need of a new athletic field, raised a sum of money, and as a result there is to-day one of the best fields in the State on Wofford's Campus. The park is enclosed with a high fence;

there is a splendid grand stand, together with bleachers.

Tennis has come to be a prominent pleasure for many of the students. Nearly every one of the cottages has a court whereon the spare moments of the day are spent. Three years ago Mr. George Marshall Moore, an alumnus of the Class of '97, in order to stimulate an interest in his special favored department of athletics, presented to the association a handsome trophy cup. On this cup the names of the winners in the annual tournaments are engraved.

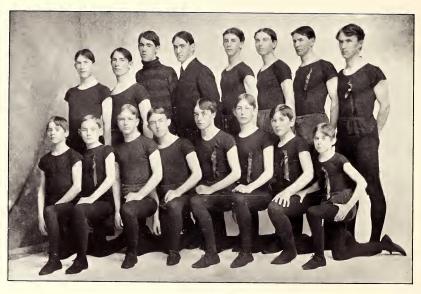
The hope of the student body is that a track team will be gotten up next year. A move in this direc-

tion was made this year, but owing to the lateness of the beginning, the efforts failed to materialize.

It was the pleasure of the students to witness the daily practice of the Philadelphia American League baseball team for two weeks in March. The coming of the leaguers not only gave that enthusiasm

so necessary for a college to have, but helped the members of our own team in many ways.

As the present season opens up, we feel confident that the record which has been made in the past by Wofford athletes will be maintained in the baseball world by the representatives of the old gold and black for nineteen-hundred-and-four.



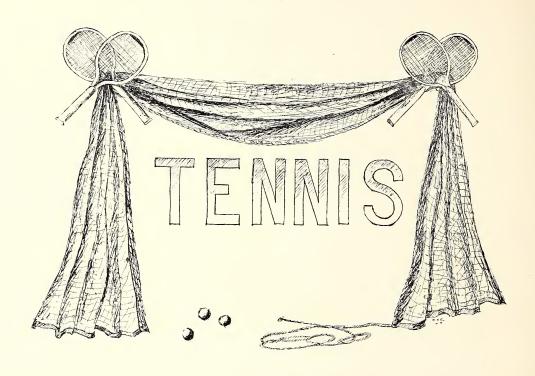
SHOCKLEY LATIMER CARSON H. T. SHOCKLEY, (INSTRUCTOR) ALLEN TAYLOR, A. DANIEL, (CAPT.) WILSON HERRING HOLROYD STALLWORTH JENNINGS MOOR CORRELL NEAL TRIMMER

GYMNASIUM TEAM, 1903-1904

### GYMNASIUM.

#### £ 4 .4 .4

A. C. Daniel		Captain	Gymnasium Team.	
Hugh T. Shockley			Instructor	
A. C. Daniel			Captain.	
TEAM.				
Shockley, B.	Herring.	Allen.	Moore.	
Latimer.	Holroyd.	Taylor.	Correll.	
Carson.	Stalworth.	Daniel.	Neal.	
Shockley, H. T.	Jennings.	Wilson.	Trimmier.	





W. C. HERBERT, CAPT.



TROPHY CUP.



W. L. GLAZE.

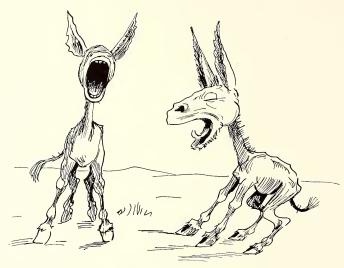
## . . Cennis Association . .

Captain.

W. C. Herbert

	RECORDS
Winners of four higher	est percentages in tournament of 1903-1904.
Player.	Percentage
W. L. Glaze	833
	727
	545
	333
Winner	rs of Previous Tournaments.
1902-03	F. S. DuPré.
1903-04	F. C. Rogers.

### misscellaneous Department



COLLEGE YELLS

#### COLLEGE YELLS.

Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle. Sis, boom! Ah! Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Boom get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap!
Boom get a rat trap!
Bigger than a cat trap! Boom!
Cannibal! Cannibal!
Zip! Boom! Bah!
Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

'Tis no lie. 'Tis no bluff! Wofford College pretty hot stuff!

Razzle! Dazzle! Hobble Gobble! Sis Boom Bah! Wofford! Wofford! Rah! Rah! Rah!

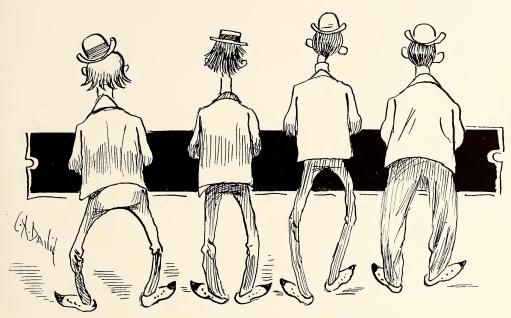
Sweet Marie, Sweet Mara! Hocus pocus, ricus racus Sis boom Ah! Judix Radix, Flipperty Flop! Wofford College, we're on top!

Bum-a-laca, bum-a-laca, bow wow wow, Chic-a-lacka, chic-a-laca, chow, chow, chow! Bum-a-laca, chic-a-lacka, who are we? We are the boys of W. C.



GREEN FROM THE COUNTRY.

WHEN HE LEFT COLLEGE.



OFFICERS OF THE CURVED LEG ASSOCIATION

#### THE ANCIENT ORDER OF CURVED LEGS.

#### OFFICERS.

His High Serenity, The Most Perfect, R. O. LAWTON.

Vice-Perfect,

Secretary,

W. L. GLAZE.

M. W. Brabham.

Treasurer, Benjamin Cantey.

Motto—To Walk Straight.

Colors—*Green* and Yellow.

Qualifications for Membership—To be able to head a hog in a two foot ditch without the use of his hands.

The Highest Attainment—To be as "cute" as R. O. Lawton.

#### MEMBERS.

Dukes, M.,
Jno. Candler,
C. N. Sapp,\*
Speigner,\*

Carlysle, Adam,

Tatum, Frank,

Connolly, M. A.,\*

Hammett, H. P.\*

<sup>\*</sup> Bowed the other way.



ROOSTER CLUB.

#### SPECIAL BULLETIN SPECIAL BULLETIN SPECIAL BULLETIN SPECIAL BULLETIN Vol. 1. No. I. Vol. 1. Vol. I. No. 2. No. 3. Vol. 1. No. 4. Rooster Club Organized. Seniors Meet. Juniors demand an apology. A month has gone. The Seniors refuse. They must Some unfortunate guesses Rooster Club vanished as qui-Vigilant Seniors learn of it. have the guilty party or parties made. etly as it came . The Seniors Effort to break up this notoby all means. Still seeking. look wise and say nothing. Nothing definite. rious gang. No clue as to Nothing found. However they are none the members. Scouts sent out. Wrong parties accused. wiser. Yallev Limited Train The Liberty Bell is given a Juniors prepare to do battle. Wrecked. No damage. Latest events. prominent place. Trouble brewing about the Guilty parties not caught. Mess Hall "Can." Punch Goodlet met the trains Skinner's dog found, minus Skinner's Dog Lost. his tail. Otherwise in statu as usual vesterday. 14 cents reward. quo. All those who participate in these unhappy affairs prefer to keep silent, and the Liberty Bell still on the world wags on in the same old wav. quiet.

#### THE ROOSTER CLUB.

NE sultry night a crowd of five were gathered around the open grate. The coils of smoke were ascending and the crowd was silent. After a while one of the boys turned in his chair, rose and made a few remarks. In a few minutes afterward three of the number quietly left the room and paced slowly down the road, halting under a tree by the roadside, they captured the old gray-speckled rooster which caused such a stir among the faculty and students. What was done with the rooster is well known. The after effects are known equally as well. This order was organized with a purpose which is best left unsaid. Outside of the meetings nothing was said. No one knew, but everybody guessed. The purpose of the club was accomplished, and by mutual agreement it was dissolved for fear the order would get into trouble in its latter days. Guess on, ye who would know its members. Its effects thoroughly demonstrated its purpose, that cannot be hidden. The Seniors, oh! wise sages as they be (in their own minds) gave much advice and consolation, but always to the wrong man. The order is disbanded, its members seldom to happen together, but sometimes fate throws them together and secretly they laugh, but no one knows the cause.

#### THE OBJECT OF LYING.

By J. H. HAMEL.

TO MY OLD FRIEND UNCLE PAT:-

S I take my pen in hand to discourse upon the topic which you have assigned me, I feel that the surroundings are altogether in harmony with my subject. The old room and the little desk upon which lies the two-long-stemmed pipes which we smoked in the days of yore and the old one-bladed barlow knife which we have so often used as a surgical instrument upon the tail of many a poor tom cat, and to extract various and sundry beer bottle stoppers, of course lend a peculiar inspiration to a man of our temperament when discussing such a topic. For of course the days are not far past when we sat together in this same old room amid the same surroundings and told numerous and marvelous lies and invented various others for use on other occasions. Now, old fellow, some of these lies had definite objects in view, many of them were told without object or purpose. I suppose they were merely perpetrated upon humanity for the sake of sustaining our former reputation. We lied sometimes as other men have done about our money, the vast amount of it, when we didn't have the price of a dried herring! the object in this was to make an impression. When we dressed up, (in other men's clothes) and went out upon the beat and told the charming young ladies that we stood among the first in our class and were honored and respected of men, we meant to capture their hearts. We have lied ourselves into tight places and in a short time we lied out as skilfully as we did in. The object in this was of course to get experience. I think often that we got it and some other things that were equally as disagreeable. You remember that night, when the "Order of Improved and Modern Liars" was organized, when you told that famous lie about swimming the Chesapeake Bay and the attendant results. Nobody knew that you were after being elected president of the Order, but it afterwards leaked out as many other things have done, and since then you have become famous as a politician as well as a liar.

You know the order has retrograded since you left. A fellow told a lie about a storm in his country which blew a mortgage off a farm, a well wrong side out and a cellar upside down. I could never see the object in this prevarication, but it was voted to be the best wilful and malicious distortion of the dignified truth which was ever perpetrated upon humanity. But it seemed tame beside those of "Buck" in the Halls of the "Bloody 8" Chapter. You know "Buck" and the Bill Page lies held sway for a long time. But of all the liars I think I ever heard, without an object were those of that new fellow we took in in 1903. He could tell the most outlandish things about fleas in New York pulling two-horse wagons, and a man having his brains knocked out and picking 'em up and carrying two miles and having them put back in his skull. But, old boy, none ever came up to yours about one fellow's hitting another and knocking him across a piazza, into a room, under a bed and into a trunk, and the other one about the deer with 6 ft. horns that run 40 miles in 7 seconds through a forest of trees which stood only 8 inches apart. By the way, I heard from him not long ago, and he had followed your worthy example so well that he is now the champion at Santuck. He says he always has a definite purpose in view, as he did in college, when he lies. The object is the main thing about a lie. Never lie about any thing just for fun. You will be sure to get caught. The one various object in lying, a school boy lies to keep from getting a whipping, a brave fellow lies to make people think he's got money, a cheap sport lies to try to make an impression, a horse trader lies in order to trade, a merchant lies in order to sell his goods, a bride and groom (the groom lies, the bride prevaricates) in order to keep from breaking up the ceremony, and I have often thought mainly to get into unending trouble, a college student lies for any old purpose, and on all occasions. Briefly stated, I think, this is almost all I can say on the subject, hoping that I have sufficiently praised you and done credit to the old honored and respected order of which we were members, I am

Yours fraternally,

JIM SCRUGGS.

#### A SOPHOMORE'S LOVE LETTER.

By Power W. Bethea.

URING his visit at the State Fair in October last, one of the Wofford sophs was very favorably impressed with a C. F. C. fresh. After his return to college he very naturally sought her correspondence, and the following is the second letter he addressed her, which is evidence that while this is an age of scientific research, it is also a period of sentimental love making:

My Dearest Lily:-

Your pusillanimous letter was received yesterday morning bright and early; what I mean by that is, before I retired from bed, and was read with peculiar pleasure. Every time I hear from you it makes my heart leap up like a pig in a bag and my soul recoil like a snake in a box.

But before endeavoring to write you this epistle, I would fain remind you that there are more ways of killing an ox than sawing off his "butter." It was with exquisite horror that I learned your general health was deteriorating, for you know how fondly we were anticipating the martial relations when we were at the Fair grounds together. Because of your recent ill health I was unable to insomniate a wink last evening. Perhaps you were thinking of me so intensely that you were attacked with a case of nervous prostration. I hardly think that the sixteen pager I wrote you the other day would occasion a billious attack.

While at the Fair I told you that I loved you more, yea, infinitely more than any other mortal on earth. I can say it now with more sincerity than ever. Your angelic image is continually haunting me day and night. There is not a moment in the day but that I am aware of your everpresence. I believe in

having a religion. Love is my religion, and you are the divine object. Every time I hear the sound of your sweet voice I feel as tho' I was going to dissolve.

Do not fear that I will prove untrue to you for

"My love for you will ever flow Like lasses down a tater row."

As the hand that clings to the slippery stick, so I will cling to thee, O love for delights.

Now I am going to conclude this epistle for the chapel bell is ringing and I have got to be there in three jerks of a sheep's tail. You know how long that is, especially when you run against one that has been cropped. Well, Old Girl, I want you to write me as early as is expedient, for my young heart will crack if I do not hear from you within the next few days. Good-bye.

Yours forever and ever,

WILLIE.

P. S. For the correction of any mistakes that may occur in the above, I enclose the following letters, punctuation marks, etc., for which you can insert at their proper places. krithdnebopwyri "'TU—& %\$\$\$\$\$\$nfo-98465768bsnfhgjyiol:agd./::;?-9



#### OUR CO-EDS .-- A TRAGEDY.

BY M. W. BRABHAM.

Time of play 1898-present day.

(Enter two co-eds singing merrily amidst much cheering.)

The co-eds in unison:

Here we come
They let us in
We coaxed 'em some—
We have been
Just dying most
To get in here—

So we can boast.

ACT II. TIME '99-

(Co-eds continuing),

Our number's eight
We told you so
You doubted us—
You didn't know
How bright the girls
In this section
Really are.

ACT III. TIME 1903-

(Co-eds still singing.)
Well we still
Are right here
Upon the hill,
For many a year!
Tho' only four
We've had our time;
No broken heart
Is at our door.

ACT IV. TIME '04.

(Co-eds still singing and beginning to go out.)

Farewell you boys
We are tired
Of your joys
We've aspired
To be bright;
But you never
Did us right—
So forever
Fare thee well.
The end is near
There is no tear
In our eves.

(All go out amidst great cheering and are heard of no more.) END.

# APPLICATION FOR JOB AS DISPENSARY CLERK.

By J. H. HAMEL.

DEAR MR. DISPENSARY:-

Hearin' that you war in need of a clerk, I make haste to applicate for this job. I think I am amply disqualified for this job. I am the most prominent resident of Buck Swamp. I have voted ther Democrat ticket for nigh forty year. I voted for Ben Tillman every time he run. I also voted for old Sam Haskins when he run for the Legislatur. Sam has had bad luck. He promised 50 quarts of licker for the Campaign, but he didn't furnish but 49 of 'em, so Felix Riddle beat the sox offen him. So you see I am all wool and a yard wide politically.

I am a soldier, too. I fit in the Civil War, and got shot in the back while I was flankin'. The Cap'n he said I was the best flanker in the whole army. I am the Champion licker drinker in the county, and can easily extinguish between the good and bad grades. But I am mostly familiar with "76" and "fuss X." I can chaw more pig tail twist than anybody. I used to run a farm, but it have changed and now the farm are running me. I was recommended for magistrate, but the Governor refused to appint me. I guess it was because I was a Confedereate soldier. I am a good book-keeper and English scholar. I have studied the first reader and blue-back. Since my old mule "Beck" died, I have about perished. I will take the job for 10 dollars a month and a pint of "76" extra on the side on Saturday night. I am worth a whole lot more than this. Hoping I will get this appointment.

I are,

Yourn for bisness,

WHITTAKER GREEN.



(DR. W.) DON'T BOTHER ME FRESHIE, I'M ABOUT TO GRASP AN IDEA.

#### YE WISE MEN.

BY M. W. BRABHAM.

Ye wise men, and ye sages, Within whose brains wisdom rages, Listen—be not irritated, For as the wisest ye are rated.

Heinrich is Dutch, certainly not English; Schneider means tailor, you may distinguish. Sarcastic is Heinrich, gentle he's not— He smiles, then frowns, forsooth, what not?

Heights of fame reached by men Were not secured by word of brain, But on horses called translations, They rode upward cheered by nations.

Science, best of all the arts, I look with wonder on thy parts, Truly science, thy power benumbs, I can do naught but twist my thumbs.

I rack my brain, but all in vain, I seek an idea. Of all men \* Most wretched I who outward reach For an idea how to teach. French and German's all the rage So sagen sie upon der stage But when ein Cooke begins to teach Ein modern language, I'm done mit each.

Dig on thou who teaches Greek; Look not up—dare not speak— But keep on digging, afterwhile You'll have, perhaps, a Greek root pile.

It is to laugh, not to cry; It is to reason and wonder why There's no hair upon the head Of a math. professor—all has fled.

O, tell *me* not that men grow strong By arduous work and study long. But work your muscles and you can Perhaps some day become a *man*.

Perhaps you'd call me a real athlete, If strength is judged by the feet. However that, I love the art Of which the "ologies" are a part.



### TO THE TUNE OF "MANDY."

BY W. C. ARIAIL.

Ι.

Down behind old Wofford College on East Cleveland street, There's a cottage, it's name is Foster, and it's mighty hard to beat;

Well, "Heinrich" thought he'd see what's doing ,and he'd give them a noble chase,

But when he put his foot in Foster he didn't see a single face.

2.

The boys in Foster got uneasy and decided they'd better go,
Because Mr. Heinrich caught them playing one evening during
the snow.

He called up Ikey, he called up Billy, he called up Ariail, too,

He called up Ikey, he called up Billy, he called up Ariail, too, He says, "Dear boys, I'll speak right plain; you'd better disband this crew."



(PROF. R.) ''Well I've dug enough roots to show those boys how. Guess there are enough in this patch to keep them busy for awhile.

#### SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

#### A LETTER BY J. H. HAMEL.

My Dear Bill:—

I have a question to ask you. Was you ever in love? Well, I am. It is the most peculiar feeling in the world. It makes you feel just like suicide. But somehow you won't do it because that would be a fool thing to do. What good would it do for a dead man to be in love? Everytime you see the one who is the cause of all these peculiar feelings it seems as if your gizzard comes right up into your goozle, and in spite of all creation you will say the very wrong thing.

Say, Bill, being in love is the funniest thing in the world. I once knew another fellow who was in love and he was always writing little poetic verses to his girl, something about "Heart of my heart's have I done well." I think that was foolishness. But say, the funny part wears off when you see some other lobster sporting the one who has caused you to rove by day and toss upon your sleepless pillow at night. I had an experience like this some few days ago. I made such a fool of myself during the day that I heard my landlady remark that my conversation sounded like the vaporings of a disordered brain. I must be going crazy. That night after taking a dose of Cod Liver Oil to quiet my nerves and smoking one of the famous "Jim Beard cheroots," I found I couldn't sleep, I tossed upon my bed until 3 o'clock when she came tearing into my room with a quart bottle of liquid labelled "Good for Horse Colic, Broke Necks, Insanity, Punctured Tires and Football Scars." She thrust the muzzle of the thing down my neck and poured about a pint of it into me, left instructions to take the balance in 20 minutes and if I didn't get better to rub myself down with a fence rail. She is a kind lady, too.

You know it's awful hard on a fellow to be in love. Sometimes when you are in the presence of your "dazzling vision of beauty" she will cast one of those dreamy, dying-calf looks out of the corners of her eyes and you feel as if you were being transported on the winds to eternal happiness, then you will say some silly thing and the scene changes. She will pierce you with a chilling look that would freeze water

at 98° in the shade. Love will make a man neglect his business. It will drive him to the verge of lunacy, and if your girl ever lets it disturb her equilibrium, she doesn't mention it. But if she gives you the grand bounce and takes on to some soap-headed, chisel-faced cod-fish, with a No. 10 foot and a No. 2 hat, and not brains enough to grease a gimlet then you will try to drown your sorrow with a bottle of 10 cent corn whiskey. This seems awful, but I would rather be in love than not to be, because it's so nice and funny.

I once knew a fellow who was silly enough to shoot himself just to find out if his girl would shed tears about it. He died, too. He made a mistake and shot the wrong place. I wonder if he ever found out how many tears she shed. I know my girl would cry if I shot myself or herself either. My girl has beautiful red hair, green eyes, and has the prettiest little No.  $4\frac{1}{2}$  foot you ever saw. Say, she's dead gone on me, too. She's always saying something nice about me, too. The last letter she wrote she called me a consummate galoot about something I did. I don't know what those two words mean. But I know it's something sweet. She's a peach—she is! There's ups and downs about love. But it's lots of fun.

You can sit up all night most and after *she* plays "Dolly Gray," "Mr. Dooley," and "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows," then you talk some or at least she does and you say "yes, ma'am" and "no, ma'm" about nine thousand six hundred and fifty-three times, then you say something or nothing as the case may be, a quarrel starts, then the old lady shouts out "bed time!" As you enter the yard the old man sicks the bull dog on you and it's all over then. You lose the seat of your pants in the bull dog's teeth as a loving remembrance. The next day your fair dream fails to speak to you, and then you drink some more 10 cent corn, get drunk, and your employer discharges you. The next thing you know you receive a wedding invitation. But it's lots of fun to be in love.

Farewell.

Your friend,

Wise Acre.



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#### CHARACTERISTICS.

By W. L. GLAZE.

Anderson, D. C.—"Make not thyself judge of any man."

Ariail, J. M.—"In my study I am sure to converse with none but wise men, but abroad it is impossible to avoid the society of fools."

Betts, A. D.—"Arise with the lark but avoid larks in the evening."

Boyd, J. W.—"Plough deep while sluggards and you shall have corn to sell and to keep."

Brabham, M. W.—"Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." (Hereford.)

Brigham, E. F.—"Rest for the weary."

Cantey, J. B.—"The best love like the best wine flows without pressing."

Carmes, W. B.—"There is nothing a man with good sense dreads so much as a wife with more sense."

Cleveland, V.—"No really great man ever thought himself so."

Cleveland, W.—"It isn't the biggest trees that bear the most fruit."

Connolly, M. A.—"Sweetest the strain when in the song the singer has been lost." (Happy congratulations.)

Duncan, T. A.—"It takes greatness to discern greatness."

Dye, E. C.—"Money is the ace of trumps."

Epting, J. C.—"He that is full of himself is empty."

Felder, C. S.—"Take the world as it is, not as it ought to be."

Glaze, W. L., Jr. and Hamel, J. H.—"Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime."

Kilgo, J. P.—"A spin in the head is worth two in the heels."

Manning, L. A.—"'Tis not the hen that cackles most that lays the most eggs." (13.)

Manning, C. S.—"'What a dust have I raised,'" quoth the fly on the coach."

McCullough, J. W.—"The good die young."

Meadows, M. H.—"Wit is the salt of conversation."

Oliver, R. C.—"Fine feathers make fine birds." '

Robbins, H. M.—"The race of fools is not to be counted."

Robbins, C. C.—"He is lifeless that is faultless."

Roberts, W. D.—"To live with no conscience is to live like a beast.

To live with good conscience, a perpetual feast."

Reed, T. C.—"Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor imagine he is going to take a trip."

(Clemson.)

Robertson, H. C.—There are more kinds of beats than pulse-beats.

Roland, J. C.—"A good conscience makes a joyful countenance."

Smith, W. H.—"The man who cannot lie is dead."

Stabler, J. G.—He that is good at making excuses is seldom good at anything else."

Stockman, J. P .- "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Tatum, F. P.—"Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Taylor, W. W.—"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."

Walker, L. P .- "Live and learn."

Wofford, C. P.—"Go not with every ailment to the doctor, nor every plaint to the lawyer, nor every thirst to the can."

Adden.—He who fights and runs away

Lives to fight another day.

Anderson.—A fool can ask more questions in an hour than seven wise men can answer in a year.

Brown.—Better be wise and look simple than look wise and be simple.

Candler.—If lying were a capital crime, poor hangman would have to work overtime.

Cannon.—To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

Carson.—Do thoroughly what you set about;

Kill a pig, kill him out and out.

Coffin.—The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Crouch.—'Tis better to have loved and lost

Than never to have loved at all.

Dukes.—Strive to be manly.

Galloway.—Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts.

Garlington.—A great man marvels that the world calls him great.

Guess.—He that leaves certainty and trusts chance,

When fools pipe, he may dance.

Guilds.—All is not gold that glitters.

Hartzog.—He who goes with wolves learns to howl.

Holler.—When we are married or dead it's for a long time.

Josey.—One soweth and another reapeth.

Lyles.—A fixed idea ends in insanity or heroism.

McCauley.—Show not the bottom of your purse or your mind.

McLeod.—The fool wonders, the wise man asks.

Mitchell.—An honest countenance is the best passport.

Montgomery.—When youth sleeps in a bed of roses,

Age on a bed of thorns reposes.

Moore, F.—Love on only one side means misery on both sides.

Moore, S.—A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Morris.—The fish that bites at every bait

Will soon be mine, if I but wait.

Nicholls.—Wine has drowned more men than water.

Outz.—All things come to him who waits.

Patrick.—A bright future "opens up."

Pierce.—The narrower the edge the deeper it pierces.

Puckett.—A fool and his money are soon parted.

Priester.—He that wants should not be bashful.

Reynolds.—As well be out of the world as out of fashion.

Richardson.—"Riches" are abused, but never refused.

Rogers, A.—If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him.

Rogers, R.-Modesty is a jewel, but one may wear too much jewelry.

Rogers, S.—He who would have a mule without faults, must go on foot.

Sanderson.—A clear conscience is a soft pillow.

Shores.—A lie is like a snowball, the further you roll it the bigger it gets.

Skinner.—Be wise with speed,

A fool at twenty is a fool indeed.

Smith, L.—Evil deeds like chickens come home to roost.

Stallworth.—The wise man gets his wisdom from those who have none.

Stanton.—Improve your time and your time will improve you.

Tolleson.—An empty wagon makes the most racket.

Townsend.—A fence between makes love more keen.

Usher.—In love's war he who flies is conqueror.

Watson.—If you don't aim high, you will never hit high.

Webster.—What's in a name?

Wharton.—Young man, consult your father; he is often as old as you are and sometimes knows as much.

Zimmerman.—There will be sleeping enough in the grave.

[As the "Fresh" have not sufficiently developed to own a characteristic, we will endeavor to give their ambitions.]

Allen.—To invent "ante-lean" remedy.

Berry.—To be proprietor of a pool room.

Bethea.—To "raise" chickens.

Blair.—To be an orator.

Boozer.—To run a dispensary.

Bradley.—To look sweet.

Calhoun.—To be U. S. Senator.

Carlisle.—To be a foreign missionary.

Carson.—To be a "hobo."

Carver.—To be a member of the faculty.

Cash.—To get rich.

Coleman.—To be a conqueror.

Compton.—To be president of a literary society.

Creighton.—To be a professor of Latin.

Dukes, P.—To get married.

Dukes, T.—To be serious.

Durant.—To run a barber shop.

Elkins.—To quit college.

Floyd.—To be a sport.

Fooshe.—To be a freshman always.

Foster.—To put on long pants.

Frierson.—To smoke cigars.

Fripp.—To run a trolley car.

Gee.—To be a farmer.

Hammett.—To join the National Baseball League.

Harris.—To be happy.

Holcombe.—To run a dancing school.

Holland.—To be president of female seminary.

Holroyd.—To be like Polk.

Hood.—To make first base on the ball team.

Isom.—To be a horse jockey.

Jordan.—To go to shows.

Knight.—To reform "down to Bowman's."

Koon.-To go hunting.

Latimer.—To be a post master.

Lawson.—To be polite.

Ligon.—Characteristic:

Cried the devil to the boaster, "Come up higher, this seat is reserved for the champion liar."

Ambition:

To rival Baron Munchausen.

Littlejohn.—To become a great scholar.

Magness.—To become a great scholar.

McFadden.—To travel with a minstrel show.

McIntyre.—To write for "The Journal."

McKelvey.—To be chaplain in the W. C. T. U.

McKelvey.—To wear a Prince Albert.

Muldrow.—To keep a menagerie.

Nash.—To be a policeman.

Nicholson.—To drive a delivery wagon.

Parrott.—To be silent.

Polk.—To play foot-ball.

Prince.—Has none.

Query.—To chew tobacco.

Sapp.—To be elected president of "The Rooster Club."

Shockley, B.—To reform the world.

Shockley, T.—To wear spectacles.

Speigner.—?????????

Sullivan.—To fight Corbett.

Switzer.—To be a senior.

Sparks.—To be a pugilist.

Toney.—To graduate.

Traxler.—To be band master.

Turbeville.—To teach "Math."

Tolleson.—To be modest.

Walden.-!!!!!

Watson J.—To take a trip to the moon.

Watson, M.—To be a "sport."

Wienges.—To walk erect.

White.—To play tennis.

Willis.—To be chief hen roost inspector.

Wilson.—To grow a mustache.

Woodley, A.—To be a fool.

Woodley, H.—To preach.



•

#### JOKES.

Prof. "Gus" in Latin class-What is the English for mulier, Ligon Fresh Ligon.—Mule, Professor.

Prof. Snyder in English class, discussing Browning's poem, "The Glove."-Mr. Jones, what is the attitude of the lord to his lady love?

Jones.-Well, Pe-fesser, he felt a del-l-l-i-cacy in ar-t-t-ticulating.

Senior Bethea to Senior Ariail.—Willie T. must certainly have a good memory. Ariail.--Why so?

Bethea.—He has such a surplus of stale jokes.

Fresh Hood, having spent all his money for board and books just after the holidays, wrote the following to his father:

Dear Dad:—I am broke; please send money.

Here is the reply he received three days later:

Dear Son:-You are growing more like your Dad every day.

Junior Brigham, walking up street and presenting an appearance as though he owned the whole American continent, was hailed by Junior Glaze with these words:-How will you trade for a piece of South America?

Bootblack to Fresh Sullivan on the street: - Shine? Sullivan.—No, much obliged, I always black my shoes. Dr. Wallace in Junior Economics class.—Mr. Connolly, if this class was the body politic, what business would you engage in?

Connolly.—The syrup business.

Dr. Wallace.-Why wouldn't you engage in something more profitable?

Connolly.—Well, I just naturally like to raise cain.

Fresh Toney, reading a sign above a hardware store—Cast Iron Sinks.—Of course it does; any fool would have known that.

Fresh Bethea, talking to Fresh Sapp, after having heard from his examination in Math.—There's no difference in getting 3's and getting 1's on your report.

Fresh Sapp.—How is that?

Fresh Bethea.—A 3 equals to a pass, a 1 equals to a pass; things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, therefore a 3 equals a 1.

Prof. Dupre in Physics class.—Who invented the barometer, Mr. McLeod?

Mr. McLeod.-Mr. Barom, sir.

Dr. Cooke in Psychology class.—How many kinds of conception are there, Mr. Ariail? Ariail.—Two kinds, Doctor, conception and misconception.

Ask Junior Betts what induced him to enclose a postage stamp in the invitation he sent to his girl.

Prof. "Gus" in Latin class-room.—Mr. Usher, what are the five verbs that take the accusative of person and the genitive of the cause of feeling?

Usher.—Taedet, miseret, Burnette, Puckett, and Hecket.

Mr. Brigham, arguing the race problem in the Calhoun society.—Mr. President, this query is one of much discussion to-night, Mr. President. Mr. President, this query needs no more discussion to-night, Mr. President. Mr. President, we don't want the negroes to have equal rights with the whites, Mr. President, which is the control of the

ident. Mr. President, you know yourself that society would be in a pathological state. Mr. President, if such was the case, Mr. President. Mr. President, I can prove that by Dr. Wallace, Mr. President. Mr. President, that man that they call Booker T. Washington has been losing his grip ever since he dined with the President, Mr. President.

Barber, after having cut Fresh McIntyre's hair.—Shampoo?

Fresh McIntyre.—I promised my mama I wouldn't drink anything like that when I left home.

Fresh Knight, seeing the boys with rubbers on during the snow in February, desiring a pair himself, but not knowing their name, walked into a store and after gazing all over the counters for some moments, called out loudly—No. 11's, please.

Senior Curry to Soph Hartzog, soliciting subscriptions for the Annual—Are you going to take an Annual?

Hartzog.—If it ain't too cold to-morrow, I thought I would take my semi-annual (bath).

Senior Lane.—Say Ikey Stein Dye, give me the etymology of the word haberdasher.

Junior Dye.—I really don't know the etymology of the word, but it means a certain kind of buggy.

If these jokes need any explanation, please write to the Cartoon and Miscellaneous Editor, who will be pleased to give you all the information required.



#### COLLEGE SONGS.

Hang — College on the sour apple tree,

As we go marching by.

Glory, glory, for the old gold and black, (repeat),

For this is Wofford's day.

Tune-"John Brown's Body lies Mouldering in the Grave."

## MARIE HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Marie had a little lamb, a little lamb, little lamb,

Marie had a little lamb, his fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Marie went, that Marie went, that Marie went,

That lamb was sure to go.

Hurrah! for Marie. Hurrah! for the lamb,

Hurrah! for Wofford that don't give a----Hacky, hacky, hacky,

Sis boom bah,

W. C., W. C., rah, rah, rah!

#### SONG BY Q. D. HOOD.

To the tune of "Then I Know That I'll be Satisfied With Life."

All I want is quail on toast for breakfast,
Dye and Daniels' fountain splashing at my feet.
Henry Snyder waiting on the table,
Clinkscales shining my shoes while I eat.
If I only owned the Wofford College library,
If Rockefeller's daughter would only be my wife,
If I only stood in with the College Faculty,
Then I know that I'd be satisfied with life.

#### SONG BY Q. D. HOOD.

To the tune of "She's Getting More Like the White Folks Every Day."

Well, I never heard of such a monstrous change, Since the day that I was born, That bounced up here last Wednesday night Between me and Mr. Henry Nelson. O, Henry's got a noble constitution, With plenty good sense to spare, But when he gets you down into his study He's sure to put you in the air.

#### CHORUS.

Well, I'm getting more like Henry every day, Trying to do like Clink in every way. O, once I was stuck on silk and satin, But now Gus Gamewell's got me studying Latin, How-be-ever, I'm getting more like Henry every day.

#### STATISTICS.

"Things are not always what they seem." The largest man in college.-Holroyd. The smallest man.-Hardin. The hardest student.—"Steach" Daniel. The laziest man.-Betts. The fattest man.-Hood. The best society worker-Willie Jones. The man who never misses chapel.—Burnett. The greatest lady's man.—"Buck" Smith. The champion of the truth.-Ligon. The man who eats the least.—Boozer. The most modest man.—Brigham. The prettiest man.—"Bob" Oliver. The wittiest man.—P. W. Bethea. The swellest sport.—Ariail, W. C. The most generous man.-Dye. The most punctual man.—Reed. The heaviest drinker.-C. L. Smith. Best poker player .-- R. O. Lawton. The star pool shot.—Felder. The wisest man.-Robbins, H. The best athlete.—Hartzog.

The man who never meets a train.—Goodlett.

The best singer.—Manning, L. A.

The man who never gets blue.—Ariail, J. M.

The most serious man.—Connolly.

The man who worries most over exams.—Kilgo.

The man with the smallest foot.—Lyles.

The man who buys the most tobacco.—Hood.

The biggest beat.—All.

The best debater.—Sparks.

The professor who puts up the easiest examination,—Williamson.

The best class in college.—Seniors (???).



#### EDITORIAL.

UR labors are over. We submit our work with feelings of pleasure mingled with regret—pleasure occasioned by the fact that we have accomplished a piece of work, be it wise or otherwise, and regret because of the inferiority of the character of the work when contrasted with the vision of our ideal college annual. We have long felt the need of having an annual through which we could speak to our sister colleges and express our sentiments and thoughts, hence it is with peculiar pride that we launch this first issue. We believe that, if properly edited, a college annual is a medium of far reaching influence and a source of great import in binding colleges together in ties of mutual interest—and it has been our purpose to construct such an annual.

Our first issue is necessarily more solid and more somber than are the majority of college annuals, on account of the happy fact that this is the fiftieth anniversary of Wofford College, and we purpose in these pages to give some of her glorious history and much of her present life. But then, it may be a good thing, for a ceaseless succession of pathetic attempts at fun-making in a college annual becomes monotonously funny and is fraught with little lasting good. We believe that the successful annual is the many sided annual, the annual which represents all phases of college life and college interests. We have steadily striven to show you Wofford College past and present on the face of every page. Of course we have failed in many points, but we shall find consolation in the fact that he who never makes mistakes never accomplishes anything worth while, and the future issues will rise to higher and greater things on our dead selves.

To all who have helped us in any way we extend heartfelt gratitude and our sincere appreciation. The great bulk of the work, indeed practically all, has been done by Wofford students, for it is our purpose to represent the talent as well as the life of the college, and he who reads will find in these pages a pretty fair type of the intellectual life of the student body, which we submit for your kindly criticism.



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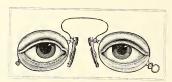


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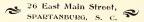


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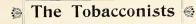
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And its Savings Department

THE FIDELITY LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY
At the Close of Business, February 12, 1904,

#### FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF SPARTANBURG, S. C.

#### RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts\$482,509.84		
U. S. Bonds		
Banking House 14,223.32		
Redemption Fund 5,000.00		
Cash and Due From Banks 140,480.60		
Total\$747,063.76		
LIABILITIES.		
Capital\$200,000.00		
Surplus and Profits		
Circulation		
Re-discounts		
Deposits-		
Individual \$359,361.11		
Banks 8,400.63—367,761.74		
471.000		
Total\$747,063,76		

#### THE FIDELITY LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts\$	210,110.02
Securities	2,190.00
Due from Banks	44,656,43
- S	256,956,45

Capital	\$30,000.00
Undivided Profits	27,914.45
Deposits—Individual	199,042.00
20 positis 2 mar radian min	
S	\$256,956.45

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Accounts of individuals, firms, corporations, solicited. Prompt and satisfactory service given in all cases. Collections a specialty, which our facilities enable us to handle with dispatch and economy.

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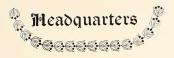
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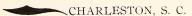
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